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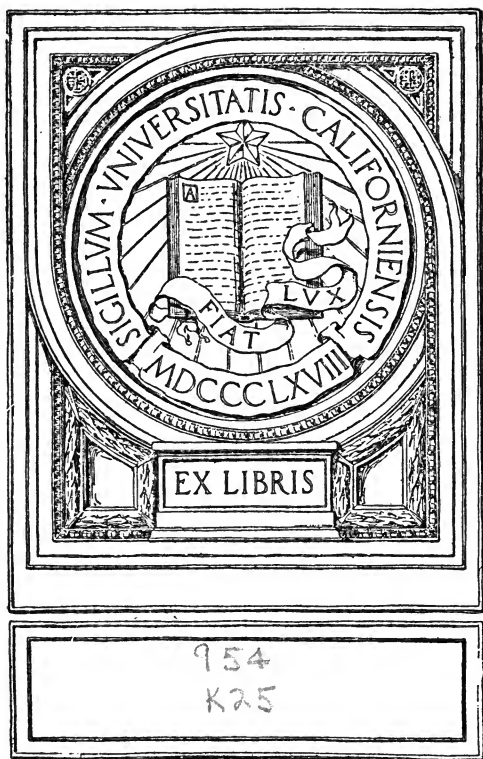
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Charade Dramas.
Part 2^d.



LACY'S HOME PLAYS.

CHARADE DRAMAS

FOR THE

Drawing Room.

BY

MISS E. H. KEATING.

PART SECOND.

LONDON :
SAMUEL FRENCH,
PUBLISHER,
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK :
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,
PUBLISHERS,
122, NASSAU STREET

ONE SHILLING—POST FREE.

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For Negro Minstrels, per lb.	1	0
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Black or brown	0	6
CARMINE—		
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Containing pencils for eyes, veins, and lips	2	6
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With Moustache, complete ..	3	0
Chin Pieces, for low comedy, on gauze	2	6

WHISKERS.

On wire	2	6
With Moustache on wire ..	2	6
Mutton Chop on gauze ..	2	6

	s.	d.
MASCARO, OR WATER		
COSMETIQUE—		
For darkening the eyebrows and moustaches	1	6
MINIATURE PUFFS—		
For applying powders to the face, per pair	0	6
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To enlarge the shape of the nose	1	0
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For the hands and arms	1	0
Ditto finest quality ..	1	6
Ditto liquid, carriage paid 3 stamps extra	1	6
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Gold, silver, or diamond, each...	2	0
PENCILS—		
For eye-lids and eye-brows	1	0
PENCILS—		
For veins	1	0
ROUGE—		
Rouge	1	0
Ditto, very fine	1	6
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For sunburnt faces	1	0
SKIN MOUSTACHE MASKS—		
For hiding the moustache, in powder, costume pieces and negro characters.	0	6
SCENTED COLOURED FIRE—		
Not less than $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. packages, per lb.	5	0
TABLEAUX LIGHTS, SCENTED—		
Colours, red, green, blue, violet, white, pink, yellow, and orange, each	1	0
TABLEAUX LIGHTS, MAGNESIUM—		
Very brilliant	1	0
TABLETTES DE JOUVENCE—		
A small box of rouge, or white, each	1	0
WHITING—		
For Pantomimes, Clowns' faces, Statuary, &c.	1	0

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	s.	d.
Ordinary, on net	0	6
Superior, real hair, worked on gauze	1	6
With Imperial, on gauze ..	2	6

CRAPE HAIR.

For making False Whiskers, M'staches, &c.		
Colours—Black, White, Light Brown, Dark Brown, Iron Grey, and Red, per yard	0	6
Ginger Red, 6d. per half yard.		

THEATRICAL & FANCY COSTUME WIGS, &c.

A large assortment of above kept in Stock. No Wigs lent out on hire.
Any Wig can be made to order. For prices and description, see

CATALOGUE, POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

CHARADE DRAMAS

FOR THE

DRAWING ROOM.

BY

MISS KEATING,

AUTHOR OF PLAYS FOR THE PARLOUR, ETC., ETC., ETC.,

PART THE SECOND.

LONDON :
SAMUEL FRENCH,
PUBLISHER,
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK :
SAMUEL FRENCH & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
122, NASSAU STREET.

TO THE
LIBRARY OF THE
CONGRESS

HOW TO CARRY OUT A PERFORMANCE SUCCESSFULLY.

In preparing an apartment for the representation of charades, where the convenience of a raised stage is not available, the best alternative will be in an arrangement of moreen or woollen curtains for the proscenium,* with two large ones, running upon a rod, for an act drop, meeting in the centre of the stage, and to be drawn to and fro by a person on each side. The back scene may be formed by other curtains, to open in the centre and at each side, or more simply by two large screens, the last folds of which will make capital centre doors. The early resource of the stage may also be adopted with great advantage, and a placard on which is written in large characters a description of the scene where the incidents about to be represented take place, thus:—

This should be hung upon a hook previously affixed to the curtain or screen at the back, and must be changed with each change of scene. The friends assembled upon such occasions are always prepared to enjoy the entertainment provided; if much is not attempted, much will not be expected. Homely and queer contrivances, if frankly offered, will be cheerfully received. But one deficiency will not, nor should it be excused: when a character is accepted by either lady or gentleman, it ought to become a point of honour that the words of that part be correctly committed to memory; any neglect of this entails disgrace upon the individual, and annoyance and disappointment to all around; actors and audience will alike suffer, and reprobate the carelessness that *compromises not itself alone, but others*. If amateurs will but take the pains to become what is professionally termed *dead perfect* in the words, and *stand still* whilst speaking them, they will always be able to acquit themselves to their own satisfaction, and that of the spectators.

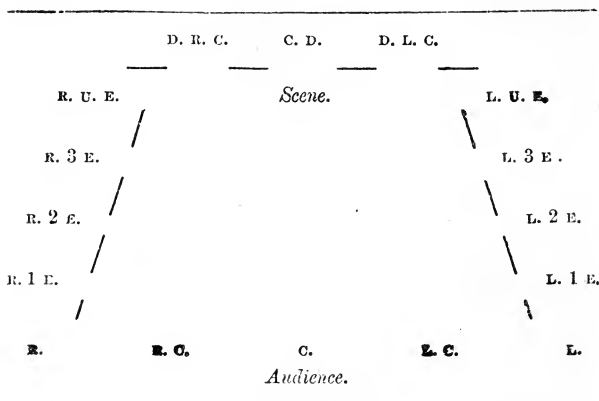
DRAWING ROOM IN WELBORN'S HOUSE.
--

T. H. L.

* Muslin curtains and drapery of combustible material should be rigidly excluded. The frightful catastrophe at the Austrian Ambassador's entertainment upon the marriage of Napoleon and Marie Louise, arose from the ignition of a gauze festoon, carried by the draught of a large chamber against an adjacent chandelier.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



L. Left.

L. C. Left Centre.

L. 1 E. Left First Entrance.

L. 2 E. Left Second Entrance.

L. 3 E. Left Third Entrance.

L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance
(wherever the Scene may be.)

D. L. C. Door Left Centre.

C. Centre.

R. Right.

R. 1 E. Right First Entrance.

R. 2 E. Right Second Entrance.

R. 3 E. Right Third Entrance.

R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance.

D. R. C. Door Right Centre.

CHARADE DRAMAS.

THE WORD—COUNTERPLOT.

SYLLABLES I., II.—COUNTER.

Characters.

SIR GREGORY COLEWORT.

MR. FREDERICK FITZSTULTZERTON.

MR. PETER PIPCHINS.

CHARLES DORMER.

LADY COLEWORT.

LUCY ELLERTON.

COSTUMES OF THE DAY.

SCENE.—*A Room in Sir Gregory's Villa. Tables, chairs, R.; French window in c. of background, large screen, L.*

Enter SIR GREGORY and LADY COLEWORT, R.

SIR GREG. (*speaking as he enters*) Lady Colewort, Lady Colewort! not another word, ma'am, or I shall forget myself.

LADY COLE. Indeed then, Greg, I'm thinking that it's just what you are doing.

SIR GREG. Doing what, my lady?

LADY COLE. Oh don't my lady me, Greg! I wish you'd call me Debby.

SIR GREG. Greg indeed! Where did you pick up such vulgar ideas? Have you not read that abbreviations are the coward's defence. Did you never hear that, ma'am?

LADY COLE. Never, nor you neither. You mean equivocation is the coward's defence; I know that I am right, because I worked it upon my first sampler.

SIR GREG. Yes, yes, possibly it may be equivocation, I know it's something that ended in ation. But seriously, my dear wife, since you object to being called my lady, you must try to be genteel. Recollect that I have had the honour of being knighted, just imagine—I am a knight.

LADY COLE. Ah, Gregory, when they made you a knight, bless 'em for their pains, they spoiled a first rate market gardener and nursery man. As to my trying to be what you call genteel, I can no more do it than you can transmogrify a pumpkin into a pine apple.

SIR GREG. There you go again, lugging in the shop! Hang it, Debby, don't always be pelting me with the cauliflowers and cabbages I used to rear. I've had a fortune left me. I'm worth sixty thousand pounds. I've sold the market garden, bought an estate, and mean to set up as an independent country gentleman.

LADY COLE. Oh you may try with all your might and main, Gregory, you will never look like anything else but a plain honest tradesman, and I should be ashamed to be ashamed of my calling if I were you. Ah, dear! I've no patience with those who persuaded you to get a handle to your name; as if Gregory Colewort was not good enough! and then, those two grinning jackanapes the butler and the footman! for ever bawling out my lady here and my lady there. It is only dear old Dibbles that truly respects us, and I vow, Gregory, it does me good to hear him call me "missus." It puts me in mind of old times, when we lived in our pretty cottage, with acres of green garden stuff, and sweet flowers round us, and lots of healthy looking lads at work. And then I used to stand behind the counter, selling garden seeds, or else tying up posies.

SIR GREG. Now, wife, do let that market garden be! I want to talk to you seriously about my niece Lucy—Miss Ellerton, the only child of my poor sister, who made such a foolish match as we all thought.

LADY COLE. Yes, poor soul: she ran away with Tom Ellerton the miller's son; his father turned him out of doors, he enlisted and left his poor young wife to shift for herself.

SIR GREG. And then, Deborah, Tom Ellerton somehow or other got on, was made an ensign, and then he died. So you see, Lucy—our niece is an officer's daughter, and

I've had her brought up as a lady, and can afford to give her some fortune. Between you and me, Debby—I have a husband in my eye for her.

LADY COLE. And who may he be, Gregory?

SIR GREG. A first rate—the pink of perfection, I should say.—It is Mr. Frederick Fitzstultzerton!

LADY COLE. Fitzwhat?

SIR GREG. Fitzstultzerton! He is first cousin to a lord!

LADY COLE. Is he?—not a bit the better man for that. Well, I shall forbid the banns.

SIR GREG. Your wife? What for?

LADY COLE. Because, husband, I don't choose to have any one coming into the family that would be ashamed of us—as I know this Fitz-what's-his-name would be!

SIR GREG. Ashamed of my family?

LADY COLE. Why, don't you say that he is always sneering at tradesmen, and counter-jumpers as he calls them. I've my misgivings when I hear of people so glib with their tongues.

SIR GREG. It is only his way, wife. Fitzstultzerton, hasn't the least idea that I have ever been in business—why need we tell him? In short, I've made up my mind to be genteel, and to have a genteel connexion, and as our foolish son has thought fit to marry a linendraper's daughter—

LADY COLE. Well, a linendraper's daughter is good enough, I should think, for a market gardener's son—and Tom was nothing better when he married her; and though he lives all the way down in Somersetshire, and we're in Leicestershire—I'm glad of it! he won't learn to be ashamed to let folks know that his father and mother were in trade, and stood behind a counter.

SIR GREG. There you are again! counter—counter—Madame, I never was behind the counter.

LADY COLE. No! I recollect you used to be digging potatoes, and cutting cabbages.

SIR GREG. Never mind what I did, my lady! I am determined that Lucy shall make a grand match.

LADY COLE. Make a grand fiddlestick! she had better make a happy one. What has Charles Dormer done to displease you? He and Lucy love each other; why should they not marry?

SIR GREG. I tell you, wife, the thing is impossible! Are you aware that his father is an ironmonger at Putney? faith! I believe he is only a tinman—deals in patty pans, tea kettles, extinguishers, and savealls! Charles himself is nothing but an artist, and owns to having once stood and served behind his father's counter.

LADY COLE. I honour the lad for owning to it; and he's fifty times the gentleman that Fitzstumper is.

SIR GREG. Fitzstultzerton, Lady Colewort—

LADY COLE. Oh bother his name! And it's very shabby of you to throw Charles over; you have never invited the dear fellow here—and you won't let me hang up those beautiful portraits he painted of you and me.

SIR GREG. I should think not indeed! advertising my former humble condition. Hang it, Lady Colewort, I was taken in my working dress.

LADY COLE. Yes, in your sensible brown velvet jacket, and blue apron. There you were holding one of your prize dahlias in one hand, and leaning on your spade with the other; And la, it was the very moral of you, particularly the jacket and the spade—It's worth a hundred of that gimcrack you've stuck up over the mantel piece, and given twenty guineas for; not that I should grumble about it, if you had paid Charles for painting it.

SIR GREG. How could I, Lady Colewort? Charles Dormer has gone off without leaving his address; and I'm sick of hearing his name, Lady Colewort, and so—

LADY COLE. Yes, and so you will make a fool of yourself, and you'll try to persuade Lucy to marry that fine gentleman. I shall wish you good morning; and, Gregory, you're an old simpleton! *Exit, R.*

SIR GREG. Dear, dear! how provoking it is that I wasn't born a real downright gentleman, and able to talk about my lord this, and my lady t'other, as Fitzstultzerton does; why, he's quite hand in glove with them. Ah! here he comes.

Enter FITZSTULTZERTON, L.—he is dressed à la Lord Dundreary, with an eye glass stuck in his eye.

FITZ. Ah, Sir Gw Gregory! good morning.—Not had the pleasure of seeing you to-day before—fact is, I never

show before twelve—such a bow—don't know what to do no fellow does—weguually tired already.

SIR GREG. My dear sir, pray be seated. (*brings forward chairs, they sit*) Of course to a gentleman of your fashionable tastes, early hours must be inconvenient; and now that we are snug by ourselves, I wish to talk to you on business.

FITZ. Ah! business—a great bow business—wonder how those poor unfortunates do that are obliged to attend to business—never did so myself, did you?

SIR GREG. (*aside*) What an awkward question! Oh, no! of course not, Mr. Fitzstultzerton. (*aside*) What a fib I'm telling.

FITZ. So howidly low! couldn't endure to have anything to do with any one in business. Might have mawied a score of times—the last girl immensely rich, but the father was a wetired gwocer; and, as I said to my cousin the Earl, I couldn't disgwace the family.

SIR GREG. Certainly not, sir, I quite agree with you; but my business now is respecting my niece Lucy, whom you seem to admire.

FITZ. Charming cweature, weally—shall not be ashamed to present her to my cousin the countess.

SIR GREG. Lucy is as good as she is pretty; and though I have never hinted as much to her, between you and me I can afford to give her a snug little fortune.

FITZ. Ah, indeed! What's the figure—the amount?

SIR GREG. I think of giving her ten thousand pounds on her wedding day; and I shall not forget her in my will.

FITZ. (*shaking Sir GREGORY warmly by the hand*) My dear Sir Gwegory, I'm—I'm quite overpowered. Excuse me, I always sneeze when I'm overpowered. Of course I need not assure you, that I quite admire your lovely niece, and would mawy her without a farthing.

SIR GREG. Oh, Mr. Fitzstultzerton, I couldn't impose on your generosity; besides, persons of good family should be liberal. (*they rise*) Here I believe comes my niece, I will leave you to entertain her.

Enter LUCY from window, she carries a small basket with flowers.

LUCY. Dear uncle, how do you do? Look what lovely

flowers I have been gathering, and that darling old Dibble has been helping me. Now I am going to make the flower stands look so gay, that you shall fancy you are again in the dear old nursery ground.

SIR GREG. (*interrupting her*) Yes, in the dear old garden. (*aside*) Now, Lucy, do be careful, not a word about the shop or the counter. Lucy, you have not yet spoken to your visitor.

LUCY. (*carelessly*) Oh, Mr. Fitzstulzerton, good morning!

FITZ. Charming Miss Ellerton, your most obedient. (*bows, L.*)

SIR GREG. Lucy, I must speak to the coachman; but Mr. Fitzstulzerton will be very glad of your company. (*aside to Lucy*) Now recollect, Lucy, he is cousin to a lord; mind, not a word a about the shop and the counter.

Exit, C. to L.

LUCY. (*aside*) Dear uncle, what a fuss he makes about his old trade. (*sits at table, R.*) Mr. Fitzstulzerton, I must arrange these flowers, so you will excuse my not being very entertaining.

FITZ. My charming cweature——

LUCY. Charming what? If you will address me simply as Miss Ellerton, I shall know that you are speaking to me. What were you going to observe?

FITZ. Observe! I was going to observe, Miss Ellerton, that Sir Gwegory is good enough to say that he is quite willing to give his consent to—to aw—aw——(*aside*) I suppose ewevy fellow feels himself an ass, when he's going to pop—you understand what I mean.

LUCY. No, indeed, I do not, Mr. Fitzstulzerton; for your explanation is not remarkably clear.

FITZ. But, Miss Ellerton, you must have noticed how much I admire you.

LUCY. I never perceived anything of the kind; remember what a humble personage I am, quite unaccustomed to hear compliments from fine gentlemen.

FITZ. Compliments! no, believe me, it is the twuth; for, as I observed to my cousin, the Earl——

LUCY. Oh! pray spare me hearing anything of such a formidable person as your cousin the Earl. Just consider what a little rustic I am—of no family.

FITZ. Indeed, Miss Ellerton, it is easy to perceive that you have a very distingué air; and I ought to be a good judge, for all my family possess it; your uncle, Sir Gw Gregory, is particularly awistocwatic, quite the old country gentleman.

LUCY. You really think so. (*aside*) Poor uncle Gregory, the retired seedsman and market gardener, to be called aristocratic. Mr. Fitzstultzerton, I know that you are laughing at me, so I shall wish you good morning, for I am going to be very busy. I see my aunt in the shrubbery yonder, perhaps you would like to join her?

FITZ. You are vewy cwuel, Miss Ellerton, to send me away: I must get Lady Colewort to intercede for me. (*aside*) I believe that impertinent young lady is laughing at me—and what any fellow—that is, any female, or any other woman could possibly find to laugh at in me!—oh, it's wediculous. *Exit, c. to R.*

LUCY. So Mr. Fitzstultzerton intends to do me the honour of proposing for me. What will he say, if I inform him of my humble origin, of my relations having been shopkeepers, and served behind the counter. What a terrible blot in the scutcheon that will be—what a bar sinister in the noble shield of Fitzstultzerton.

CHARLES. (*without*) Never mind—never mind, Dibbles; I shall be able to find my way.

LUCY. (*rises*) That voice can belong to no one but Charles Dormer. Yes, here he comes over the lawn.

Enter CHARLES DORMER, from French window, c. from L.

Why, Charles, is it really you, or your ghost?

CHARLES. Myself—all alive and merry. But, Lucy, where are your uncle and aunt?

LUCY. They will be here directly; but before you see them, I wish to know, sir, why you have never been near us, and have not written to us?

CHARLES. How could I either come or write, when I didn't know your address. All your good fortune happened after I had set out on my summer tour in search of the picturesque; and being in this neighbourhood, at Sir Winkle Buffer's, there I heard of your Uncle Colewort having settled here.

LUCY. Sir Winkle Buffer, did you say? he is the rich baronet who resides ten miles from hence.

CHARLES. The same—Sir Winkle Buffer. He has given me two commissions, and has bought my large picture, "The Fairest Flower of All." You can guess, Lucy, who inspired my pencil when I painted a young lady tending her roses and carnations.

LUCY. (*taking his arm*) I perceive you are as great a flatterer as ever. Ah, Charles, it is a fortunate thing that you have arrived just at this time; for do you know, but of course you do not—Uncle Gregory wishes me to marry such a fine gentleman! All lisp and languor—stutter and sneeze—and moreover, the cousin of an Earl.

CHARLES. Really! Lucy, do you consider your Uncle Colewort at all insane?

LUCY. I am almost inclined to have my doubts—for this sudden mania for rank is very alarming. His talk is of nothing but the nobility.

CHARLES. I should think, Lucy, that he must have been bitten by a mad peerage writer.

LUCY. And you may be sure, that as to the nursery ground and market garden—"Oh no, we never mention them," we have become so select and exclusive—

CHARLES. Then I fear that the son of the worthy old tinman has no chance now?

LUCY. Don't be foolish, Charles; aunt and I shall find a way to convince uncle Colewort that he is wrong. Now let us go and find her, she will be delighted to see you.

As they are going off, PIPCHIN enters, L.

PIP. Miss Ellerton, good morning; I have just dropped in to see my friend Fitzstutzerton, and your excellent uncle Sir Gregory. Lady Colewort, I trust, is well?

LUCY. Quite well, Mr. Pipchins.

CHARLES. Pipchins? why it is, yes it must be my old schoolfellow Dick.

PIP. Mr. Dormer, I believe! (*aside*) What unlucky chance brings him here.

CHARLES. You *believe*, Dick! why you *know* it is your old schoolfellow, Dormer.

LUCY. Your schoolfellow, Charles? How odd Mr.

Pipchins, you never told us you had been a friend of Mr. Dormer's, so often as we spoke of him to you and Mr. Fitzstultzerton.

CHARLES. And who may Mr. Fitzstultzerton be?

LUCY. The fashionable friend of Mr. Pipchin, and the gentleman who has an Earl for his cousin.

CHARLES. Upon my word, Dick, you *have* got a step above me. I suppose you have cut the shop now.

PIP. (*haughtily*) Shop, shop; I don't understand *you*, sir; I am an independent gentleman.

CHARLES. With all my heart—be as independent as you please. Good morning Mr. Pipchin, for I must not presume to call you Dick.

LUCY. Good morning, Mr. Pipchin.

Exit with CHARLES, C. to R.

PIP. Here's a discovery! my old playfellow the tinman's son turning up! I must warn Mr. Fitzstultzerton. How lucky that I have brought down the marriage settlements all ready for signing; if we can persuade Sir Gregory to oblige his niece to marry—he is an old blockhead and can be made to believe anything.

Enter SIR GREGORY, C. from L.

PIP. My dear Sir Gregory, I am delighted to see you looking so well; I have not been unmindful of your business.

SIR GREG. Ah! respecting the arms for my new carriage.

PIP. Exactly so; and on consulting my intimate friend, Garter-King-at-Arms, we have discovered that you are descended from Geoffrey de Fitz Colewort, tempus Richard the Second. Consequently, you are entitled to bear his arms, a lion couchant and four roses in a field argent.

SIR GREG. Now just think of that! Lady Colewort said it would be better for me to have a cauliflower or else a watering pot for my crest. But about the marriage settlements, what have you done?

PIP. Just as you wished; I have them all ready for signing.

SIR GREG. So much the better. I am almost afraid I shall have some difficulty in persuading my niece, for I fear that she has formed an attachment for a person very much her inferior.

PIP. Oh, depend upon it, Sir Gregory, if you are but firm, the young lady must yield.

SIR GREG. Firm! I will be adamant; though I don't know exactly what adamant may be, I mean that she shall consent. But I see Lady Colewort coming, I must manage to talk her over; meantime, do you find Mr. Fitzstulterton, and then come to me here.

PIP. Sir Gregory, I obey you; but remember, be firm, as becomes the descendant of a Fitz Colewort. *Exit, c.*

SIR GREG. Now comes the struggle! I know there will be a quarrel between my old woman and me, but I won't yield—no, no; Lucy shall marry the cousin of an Earl.

Enter LADY COLEWORT, R.

LADY COLE. Gregory Colewort, I wish to know if you are going out of your mind?

SIR GREG. Bless me! what is the matter, my lady?

LADY COLE. Matter enough! you are going to make a regular jackass of yourself, and I shall do all I can to prevent it. Do you know that Charles Dormer has found us out? And he has found other people out as well.

SIR GREG. What do you mean, madam?

LADY COLE. Merely that your fine plausible Mr. Pipchins was an old playfellow of Charles Dormer's; they lived next door to each other at Putney; and yet he has been passing himself off on you as a person of consequence.

SIR GREG. But he may be some one of consequence, Deborah, for all that.

LADY COLE. I don't think he would have lived next door to a tinman's if he had been; and it is my opinion, Gregory, that he is no better born than ourselves, and not half as respectable. But here comes Charles Dormer, with Lucy—now perhaps you will be satisfied.

Enter CHARLES and LUCY, R.

LUCY. Dear uncle, you have not yet seen Charles—I am sure you will say he is welcome here.

SIR GREG. I am very glad to see you Charles. But what is all this about my friend Pipchins?—Do you know him?

CHARLES. I know him! yes, he is the son of our neighbour Timothy Pipchins, tailor and habit maker.

SIR GREG. Only a tailor! Here's a discovery!

LADY COLE. And it would not surprise me if Fitz-what do-you-call-'em proved to be nothing but a barber.

CHARLES. I also have my suspicions—but the two gentlemen are coming here, and apparently disputing. A thought strikes me; Sir Gregory and Lady Colewort, suppose you hide behind this screen; Lucy and I will conceal ourselves behind the curtains, and I think we shall hear something that will considerably astonish us. Here they come—not a word, hide yourselves. Now, Lucy!

SIR GREGORY and LADY COLEWORT *hide behind screen*—LUCY and CHARLES *behind the c. window curtains—occasionally peeping out.*

Enter from window PIPCHIN and FITZSTULTZERTON.

PIP. Now, Sir Gregory, if you are ready—(*looking round*) Why how is this? He is not here!

FITZ. Vanished, I should say—I suppose he intends to come?

PIP. Of course he does. But, Fitz, before Sir Gregory interrupts us, we had better come to an understanding.

FITZ. I don't understand what you mean by an understanding—talking so would bother any fellow.

PIP. Come that won't do. You know well enough what I mean! Now, sir, what do you intend to give me, for introducing you to this wooden-headed old knight, and his pretty niece?—I stipulated for half the girl's fortune.

FITZ. No, I agreed to give only one thousand pounds—not a shilling more.

PIP. Five thousand pounds, sir, or else I'll tell—yes, I'll expose you, my fine fellow!

FITZ. Oh, if it comes to that, I can tell a pretty story about you; yes, sir, about you—you very inferior person, we collect that you are only a tailor's son, and a lawyer's clerk, at eighteen shillings a week—any man must be humbug upon eighteen shillings a week.

PIP. And what are you?—a swindler, an impostor

going under a false name, passing yourself off as a man of family, and cousin of an Earl. Don't I remember you a scrubby boy, selling hardbake, and gingerbread in your father's shop; his name was Figgins, he was nothing but a huxter—but he left you a few hundreds, with which you have set up for a man of fashion, and studied the style of the nobility from Lord Dundreary, in the Haymarket.

FITZ. My good fellow, don't betway me, and I'll consent to anything.

PIP. Then it is to be half, mind, a clear half.

FITZ. Yes, a clear half, and if we play our cards well, I daresay, Sir Gw Gregory will double the ten thousand—he is such a perfect specimen of a good-natured spooney!

LADY COLEWORT *rushes out from behind screen.*

LADY COLE. Is he, Mr. Figgins? So my husband is a spooney; I should like to know what you call yourself, Mr. Figgins?—I should say, you were both knave and fool.

SIR GREGORY, CHARLES, and LUCY *come forward*—

PIPCHINS and FITZSTULTZERTON *start back in dismay.*

FITZ. Sir Gw Gregory, by all that's horwible!

SIR GREG. (*bowing*) Yes, the wooden headed old knight, the spooney—at your service!

LUCY. So after all, my intended husband, with an Earl for a cousin, is only plain Mr. Figgins.

CHARLES. Dick Pipechins, you look terribly crestfallen.

PIP. (*to FITZSTULTZERTON*) I think the best thing we can do, is to—

LADY COLE. Get out of the house, as fast as you can, the sooner the better.

SIR GREG. *Aye?*—get out, both of you, and never darken my doors again.

FITZ. Don't put yourself in passion, old gentleman; it can't do a fellow any good, that. I don't care much about a girl. Lots of girls to be picked up by any fellow who's got money and pwepossessing address—like your humble servant.

Exeunt PIPCHIN and FITZSTULTZERTON, L.

LADY COLE. A couple of sneaks—I shall count the silver spoons and forks, I can tell you.

CHARLES. Nay, Lady Colewort, they are tolerably honest; it is only an instance of the folly of—

SIR GREG. Being ashamed of one's origin; I have received a lesson I shall never forget, for after all there really is nothing to be ashamed of in having served in a shop

LADY COLE. I should think not.

SIR GREG. To prove it, Charles, I consent willingly to your marriage with Lucy—as to her fortune——

CHARLES. We can do without it. I can work, I shall rise in my profession; the good old tinman will give me a few hundreds, and my uncle Sir Winkle Buffer——

SIR GREG. What! is the rich baronet your uncle?

CHARLES. He is my mother's brother—very much disposed to be on excellent terms with you, Sir Gregory; and he is not ashamed of owning that, like you, he once served behind a *Counter*!

LADY COLEWORT.

SIR GREGORY.

LUCY.

DORMER.

R.

L.

END OF THE FIRST AND SECOND SYLLABLES.

SYLLABLE III.—PLOT.

Characters.

THE PREFET.

BONIFACE, *Landlord of the "Golden Goose."*

BLAISE.

BAPTISTE.

COUNT DE BRINDOINE.

TWO GENSDARMES.

GERTRUDE, *Daughter of Boniface.*

MONICA, *her Cousin.*

PERIOD—1770.

Costumes.

PREFET.—Black suit of the time; black silk stockings; white cravat; powdered wig and bag; three-cornered hat.

BONIFACE.—Brown cloth suit—yellow buttons; grey stockings; brown wig; three-cornered hat.

BLAISE.—Green jacket; red waistcoat; brown breeches; worsted stockings; three-cornered hat; natural hair.

BAPTISTE.—Velveteen jacket; flowered vest; nankeen breeches; grey stockings; red cap.

COUNT.—Plain green hunting frock; leather breeches; high boots; powder; gold-laced three-cornered hat.

GERTRUDE and MONICA.—Pretty costumes of French peasant girls.

SCENE.—*A French Village Inn, "The Golden Goose," L.; table and chairs under trees, R.*

Enter BONIFACE and BLAISE from Inn, L.

BONI. Well, as I was saying, neighbour Blaise—by-the-bye, what was I saying?

BLAISE. Neighbour Boniface, you were saying that somebody said, that the Prefet said——

BONI. Yes; just so. The Prefet, after clearing his voice, said, "I have my suspicions that something very wrong has happened, is happening, or will happen in this village." Now when a Prefet has his suspicions, he means that he suspects something, or somebody.

BLAISE. Dear me! And what does the Prefet suspect?

BONI. I should say that he suspects everything.

BLAISE. How mysterious! And who do you think he suspects?

BONI. Everybody; therefore, neighbour Blaise—therefore, neighbour Blaise, we must be very—very cautious! I shall now go to the Prefet for further instructions, for being the landlord of the principal inn——

BLAISE. Yes; the Golden Goose, and a capital house it is!

BONI. The best frequented inn, far and near. Now, Blaise, it behoves me to be as cautious as a cat, and as cunning as a fox. We must keep a sharp look out, on all stray customers, for the Prefet says—— Why here he comes! (*looks off, R.*)

BLAISE. (*staring about*) Where? who? Is it the suspected person?

BONI. Woodenhead, no! I mean the Prefet is coming. Blaise, my good fellow, do shut your mouth, you look as if you wanted to swallow some one.

Enter PREFET, R. U. E.

PREFET. Ah, ha! friend Boniface, you are the very man I want to see, for you can be useful to me.

BONI. I am quite at the orders of Monsieur le Prefet.

PREFET. I have just received a dispatch from the governor of the province, apprising me that a plot is in existence.

BONI. }

BLAISE. }

A plot! a plot!

PREFET. And I regret to add it is said to be conducted through the agency of a young gentleman of good family, whose name, I am told, begins with a B, and ends with an E.

BONI. Just like mine, Boniface.

BLAISE. And just like mine, too, Blaise.

PREFET. A curious coincidence, but I do not on that account suspect either of you. No, no; you, my friends, are safe. But I have received instructions to examine all strangers who pass through the village, and to arrest those who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves; for the author of this plot has escaped from justice, and is supposed to have concealed himself in this neighbourhood. Now, Boniface, as the host of the Golden Goose, it will be your business to keep a sharp look-out, and, in fact, to let me know directly any stranger arrives here, particularly—

BONI. Particularly if his name should begin with a B, and end with an E.

PREFET. Not a bad idea; for, upon second thoughts, one cannot be too particular when a plot is in question. Now observe, Boniface, I am going round the village to give similar instructions; you, meanwhile, make your daughter understand that she must keep her eyes wide open, and should any suspicious individual appear, detain him, and apprise me of it instantly. I shall be at my house—good morning.

Exit, L.

BLAISE. What do you think of all this, neighbour? Who can be this offender of noble birth, whose name begins with a B, and ends with an E?

BONI. I think what I think, and I know what I know,

neighbour Blaise. It is rather inconvenient for me to remain here, for I had settled to ride over to old Father Bois Robert, and look at some pigs he has to sell. I say, could you remain here, and keep a sharp look-out for me?

BLAISE. Neighbour, I'll do anything I can to oblige you.

BONI. So you agree—good! I will tell my daughter Gertrude. (*calls*) Gertrude! Gertrude!

Enter GERTRUDE, from inn, L.

GERT. Did you call me, father? Ah! good morning, Monsieur Blaise.

BLAISE. (*bows*) Mademoiselle Gertrude, I am your most obedient.

BONI. (*pompously*) Gertrude, attend to me; important affairs will call me hence——

GERT. About the pigs, is it not, father?

BONI. The pigs! Child, your ideas are—but no matter what. Suffice it to say that I recommend you to keep a very sharp eye on all unknown travellers who stop at our inn, and till my return Monsieur Blaise will help you.

GERT. Very well, father; only I should like to know——

BONI. Silence, daughter Gertrude, and learn discretion, if you can. Shut your eyes, open your mouth—no; I mean open your eyes and shut your mouth. Blaise, remember——

Exit, R.

GERT. What can father mean? Blaise, do you know what he is making all this fuss about?

BLAISE. I think I do, but pray let it go no further.

GERT. Oh, I'll not tell a creature, Blaise.

BLAISE. First, you must know, Gertrude, that the Prefet suspects something—he has an idea.

GERT. Has he? dear old noodle! Between you and me, Blaise, I wouldn't give much for it. Pray, what is this idea?

BLAISE. It is a plot!

GERT. A plot! oh, how charming! What is it all about?

BLAISE. Bless you, he didn't tell us! I don't think any one knows what it is, except his excellency the Governor. We are to find out the name and business of every man, woman, and child who show their faces here, and if they cannot give a good account of themselves

they are to be arrested, and their papers seized. Such are the orders of Monsieur the Prefet.

GERT. Does the old wiseacre imagine that people travel about with their pedigree in their pockets, as well as their passports. (*looks off, R.*) Why here, I declare, comes my cousin Monica. What can be the matter with her?

Enter MONICA crying, R.

MONI. (*crying*) Oh, oh, oh! Gertrude, I am so unhappy! I've a great mind to jump into the mill pond.

GERT. Dear cousin Monica, what's the matter?

BLAISE. Yes, what is it, Monica?

MONI. It is all about my cousin Baptiste—that I am to be married to some day. I have just heard about him from Lucas, the one-eyed pedlar; and do you know, that poor Baptiste has quarrelled with his father, run away, and no one knows what is become of him. But the worst is, so Lucas says, they have sent the gendarmes after him; and if they catch him they'll put him into prison, and he'll be starved to death. Oh, oh, oh! (*cries*)

GERT. Poor Monica! don't cry! I daresay that Baptiste will contrive to keep out of the way. Luckily nobody in this village has ever seen him; I know that Blaise will not betray him if he comes here.

BLAISE. Me? why, Gertrude, I would go through fire and water to serve you, the heiress of the Golden Goose.

GERT. And depend upon it Blaise, I shall be grateful; and to prove it, I promise to dance with you every Sunday for the next two months. But now, Blaise, talking of going through fire and water, I wish you would just fill the horse troughs in the yard, chop up a few billets, and then perhaps you won't mind clearing up the stables, feeding the chickens, and seeing that the black cow has her fodder.

BLAISE. Certainly! I'll go directly and begin. Is there anything else I can do for you, Gertrude?

GERT. Not at present; now run off.

Exit BLAISE into house, L.

He will have enough to do for the next hour; so, now, Monica, if Baptiste should shew himself, we shall be able either to hide him, or else to help him to get off.

MONI. You dear good Gertrude ! I will do as much for you at any time. (*noise without, L.*) Hark ! what noise is that ?

GERT. (*looks off, L.*) Gracious me, Monica ! Here comes a stranger, in such a hurry.

Enter COUNT DE BRINDOINE *hastily, L.*

Ha, a gentleman—what can he want ?

COUNT. Ouf ! I must have run five miles at least. My good girl. (*to GERTRUDE*) Why, is it really you, little Gertrude, my foster sister ?

GERT. My ! if it isn't my lord the Count de Brindoine.

COUNT. Hush, Gertrude—remember that you don't know me. The fact is, I am running away.

GERT. Running away, my lord !

MONI. Just like my poor Baptiste !

COUNT. If my pursuers catch me, I shall be dragged off to prison ; and I have a particular dislike to such a proceeding. I must cross the frontier to-day. I shall want a disguise, a passport, a horse, and something to eat ; and above all, a room where I can be safe. No matter what hole you put me in, as long as I am concealed. By-the-bye, where is old papa Boniface ?

GERT. He is gone away either to purchase some pigs, or else to look after a plot of some sort. Oh, it is something very horrid ; but I don't exactly know what it is all about.

COUNT. That is my case ; I don't know what possesses the gendarmes to break into my room, and pounce upon me. But now, Gertrude, make haste, find me a hiding place and a breakfast.

GERT. You shall have both, my lord, if you will follow me ; this way, my lord. *Exit with* COUNT *into inn, L.*

MONI. I wonder what that fine young gentleman has been doing ? No good, I'll warrant me ! But they will be ready enough to help him off. Heigho ! I wish I could see my poor dear Baptiste.

Enter BAPTISTE *slowly from, R. U. E. ; he carries a bundle slung over a stick.*

How glad I should be, though I do snub him so whenever he comes near me !

BAPT. (*who has come forward*) So you do, my dear little Monica!

MONI. (*screams*) What's that?

BAPT. Only Baptiste, cousin Monica.

MONI. Ha, you have escaped! Where are the gendarmes?

BAPT. Escaped! gendarmes! what nonsense you are talking, I have had no gendarmes after me.

MONI. La! what fibs that pedlar Lucas has been telling me; and I have almost cried my eyes out about you.

BAPT. That won't do much good, Monica. I am dead tired; so do get me a bottle of wine, some bread and cheese, and let me rest for an hour, for I must push on for the frontier. I'll just step into the house.

MONI. (*stopping him*) Oh, no! sit down here, Baptiste, and I will bring you something directly. (BAPTISTE *sits at table, R., and throws down his stick and bundle*) It would never do to let him see the Count. *Exit into inn.*

BAPT. I must have walked six leagues since daybreak, and I am dreadfully sleepy. (*yawns*) If Monica doesn't make haste, I shall be snoring before she brings me my breakfast. (*leans his head on his hands*) I can scarcely keep my eyes open! Monica, Monica—will—you—make—haste. (*he gradually drops off to sleep, leaning his head on his crossed arms*)

Re-enter MONICA, with tray, containing bottle, loaf, glass, &c., L.

MONI. Here, Baptiste, I've brought your breakfast; now eat away. (*places tray on table—BAPTISTE snores*) Actually if he isn't asleep. How tired that poor lad must be!

Enter GERTRUDE from inn, L.

GERT. I must get that young fellow out of the way. I say, Baptiste—

MONI. Hush! hush! he is fast asleep; as fast as the church door.

GERT. Then the count can steal out. (*goes to inn*) My lord, my lord, you can appear.

Enter COUNT DE BRINDOINE cautiously from inn, L.
It is only a young traveller, and he is sound asleep.

COUNT. A traveller? Yes, here I see his bundle, I shall take the liberty of opening it. (*picks up bundle—opens it*) Ha! by all that's fortunate, here is a passport of which I can avail myself!

MONI. But, my lord——

COUNT. Hush! not a word; I shall escape—he will be detained, but I promise you, that within twenty-four hours he shall be at liberty. Help me in this, Monica, and I will give you and Gertrude each fifty golden crowns on your wedding day.

GERT. Well, on condition that he comes to no harm——

COUNT. He will be treated as a state prisoner, with the greatest respect and consideration. (*takes a paper from his pocket which he puts into the bundle—he slips a purse into BAPTISTE'S pocket*) There, he will come to no harm. Instead of his passport I have slipped in a letter from my friend St. Anthénè, containing the plot of his intended tragedy; and with that, and my purse and cloak he will make a first-rate conspirator. Now, Gertrude, where shall I find the horse, for I must gallop off this moment.

GERT. Your horse, my lord, is by the thicket, yonder.

COUNT. Thanks; be discreet, and I will not forget the promised reward. *Exit, hastily, R.*

MONI. Do you think that no harm will happen to poor dear Baptiste?

GERT. Do you think the count would leave him in danger? He will just be under arrest for a few hours, that's all. Hush, here comes Blaise.

Enter BLAISE, L.

What Blaise, have you done already?

BLAISE. Almost, but I must rest a bit. (*sees BAPTISTE*) Hollo! who's that?

GERT. Ah, Blaise! But you will tell nobody, mind—but I suspect——

BLAISE. And so do I—that he is the suspected person who has to do with the plot. What is to be done? Evidently it is my duty to tell the Prefet, in the absence of Monsieur Boniface.

MONI. La! I daresay it is only a young traveller who

has fallen asleep. Good morning, Gertrude—I must go home.

Exit, L.

GERT. Blaise, if I thought this young man was really guilty——

BLAISE. Which I am sure he is. Hark, I think I hear your father. Ah, there he comes with Monsieur the Prefet, and two gendarmes; depend upon it they suspect.

GERT. (*aside*) So much the better; the count meanwhile will escape. It is barely three leagues to the frontier.

Enter from L. U. E., the PREFET, BONIFACE, and two GENDARMES.

PREFET. I tell you, Boniface, I have positive information that the originator of the plot is here, in disguise.

BONI. What, here in my house? Then the character of the Golden Goose is irretrievably lost.

PREFET. (*perceives BAPTISTE*) Who is that stranger?

GERT. A young gentleman, I should think, who has stopped here to rest and refresh himself. Poor fellow, he is fast asleep.

PREFET. I see he has a bundle with him. Don't waken him, but open it, and see what papers are in it. (*1ST GENDARME opens the bundle, takes out the paper, hands it to the PREFET, who opens it, and glances over it hastily*) Ha, my worst fears are confirmed! Here's a discovery—a plot! if ever there were one. (*reads*) "You must kill the king, and get rid of his prime minister, either by poison or assassination." Boniface, support me—I'm horrified! my very wig stands on end! Murder the king—assassinate his prime minister! It is signed "de B— dash— E." Yes, the name begins with a B, and ends with an E. That must be the culprit. (*shakes BAPTISTE*) Monsieur, monsieur, wake up, and surrender yourself.

BAPT. (*starts up*) Hey! what's the matter—what are you bawling at me for?

PREFET. I arrest you, sir, for high treason—your vile plot is discovered—the details are found in your possession. Guards, seize that young gentleman, and convey him to prison, with due respect to his rank.

BAPT. A plot—to prison! Are you mad? I'm an honest, hard-working lad, and here's my passport. (*pulls out the COUNT's purse*) Why this is not mine!

PREFET. A purse full of louis d'or, and embroidered with your lordship's cipher. Oh, it is all too clear; I must arrest you, my lord. You shall for the present be safely lodged in my house, and treated with proper respect, till I can communicate with the governor.

BAPT. What do you call me "my lord" for? You are mistaken, I assure you.

PREFET. Impossible! this paper is sufficient evidence. Haste, lose not a moment. Guards, away with him; Blaise, Boniface, follow me, and be present at the examination.

(GUARDS *force off* BAPTISTE, *who resists*, R. U. E.;
PREFET, BLAISE, and BONIFACE *follow them*; then
MONICA *runs on*, L.)

MONI. Are they gone, Gertrude? Have they taken poor Baptiste?

GERT. Yes, and a fine fright he is in—ha, ha, ha! What a noodle that Prefet must be, not to see the difference between a peasant and a nobleman! Now I must send off the messenger for the horse, who will also bring back a letter from the count that will rather astonish the wiseheads here. Oh, trust to woman's wit! Men may *plot*, but I think we can match them, and out-*plot* them too.

Exeunt to inn, L.

END OF THIRD SYLLABLE.

PART III.—THE WORD.—COUNTERPLOT.

Characters.

THE PREFET.

BAPTISTE.

BONIFACE.

BLAISE.

TWO GUARDS.

GERTRUDE.

MONICA.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in the Prefet's House, with a practicable door (in whatever position may be most convenient for performance).*

BAPTISTE is discovered seated at a table on which are lights; he wears a handsome dressing gown and slippers.

BAPT. I wonder when this tom-foolery is to end? I can't make out what I have done that is so very bad. To be sure, I gave the Duke's gamekeeper a black eye and a good drubbing for being rude, but la! they can't surely put one in prison for that. Here am I, treated, I must confess, like a lord, which they will persist in calling me; but then I'm shut up in a room by myself, the windows barred from without, and the shutters nailed fast. I haven't a soul to speak to, and nothing to amuse me, except to twiddle my thumbs and count the flowers on the carpet—I've tried it, and I'm tired of it. I can't tell either whether it is night or day—I think it must be morning, because I heard the cocks crowing, and I am beginning to feel hungry again; I wish somebody would bring something.

A noise of chains, and of withdrawing belts is heard—door is opened, then enter the PREFET and two GUARDS.

PREFET. (to GUARDS) Remain in attendance on my illustrious prisoner. (to BAPTISTE) Good morning, my lord, I trust that you rested well. Shall I order them to serve your lordship's breakfast? and what can I have the honour of setting before your lordship? (*advancing, L.*)

BAPT. I think I should enjoy some fried potatoes and cabbage soup.

PREFET. Fried potatoes and cabbage soup! (*aside*) What a plebeian taste for a man of family.

BAPT. Or if you can't manage that, suppose we say brown bread, onions, and black pudding, with a morsel of cheese.

PREFET. (*aside*) What an extremely coarse taste! I suspect that he only does it to keep up the character he has assumed. (*to BAPTISTE*) Whatever your lordship chooses.

BAPT. My good sir, why will you call me a lord? Haven't I told you over and over again that I am nothing but a peasant.

PREFET. No, no, I am not to be imposed on; your disguise, I own, is excellent; but you cannot deceive me; I instantly recognized your noble air, and wonderful family likeness to your respected father.

BAPT. You don't mean to say that you know my father, Jerome the miller? and, though I say it, that shouldn't say it, as jolly an old boy as ever lived.

PREFET. (*aside*) There's vulgarity! Fancy a dignified marquis being designated as a jolly old boy. (*to BAPTISTE*) Oh, Monsieur, we know well enough that you are jesting with us—you will have your little joke.

BAPT. It is no joke to me to be shut up here, and dressed out in this robe-de-chambre, which looks very much as if it had been made out of a window curtain. Why do you want me to wear it? why can't I have my own jacket and sabots?

PREFET. Oh, my lord, I could not allow it; besides, you might attempt to escape.

BAPT. What, in this dress? what a Merry-Andrew I should look! I, poor simple Baptiste——

PREFET. Exactly so; but we are not alone my lord, and I desire to know nothing till I receive further instructions from his excellency the Governor, who chooses simply to inform me, that your name begins with a *B*, and ends with an *E*.

BAPT. Does it really? Well, with all my heart. And now, if you have no objection, I should like to have my breakfast. Zounds! I am so hungry!

PREFET. (*to GUARDS*) Breakfast instantly for the illustrious prisoner!

GUARDS *exeunt, and return with tray, &c., which they place on table.*

BAPT. (*seating himself*) Eggs, chicken, ham, coffee, bread—Yes, that will do! (*begins breakfast*)

PREFET. Never were rustic manners more cleverly assumed. But what an atrocious criminal he must be, to plot, at his age, the murder of the king, and the assassination of the prime minister.

Enter BONIFACE, at door,

Ah, Boniface, my good friend, what brings you here?

BONI. (L. C.) The most shocking, the most astounding discovery, Monsieur. There is another plot, a plot against the first plot.

PREFET. (L.) You mean a Counterplot; but how, and where did you discover it?

BONI. As to *how*, by a most fortunate chance, and as to *where*, actually in my own house; yes, in the best bed room of the Golden Goose, and, moreover, I have it safe in my pocket.

PREFET. What! the best bed room? that must be vastly inconvenient.

BONI. No, monsieur; I mean ~~the~~ plot, or whatever you call it, and here it is. (*gives PREFET a paper*)

PREFET. (*opens paper, looks at it*) As I live, another sketched plan; written by the same hand, and signed with the same initials. (*reads*) "I am of opinion that the principal conspirator should originate a "*Counterplot*," stir up the people to revolt, and by all means get rid of the heir apparent; either proclaim a republic, or bring in the younger branch of the royal house." Oh, this is indeed horrifying! (*to BAPTISTE*) Monsieur, my lord!

BAPT. (*rises, comes forward with his mouth full*) Well, what is it, old gentleman?

PREFET. Old gentleman, indeed!

BONI. He calls Monsieur the Prefet, "old gentleman!"

PREFET. *Young* gentleman, I consider it my painful duty to inform you, that further evidence of your guilt has come to hand. Look at this paper, which you incautiously dropped. Read it, young man; read and tremble!

(*gives BAPTISTE the paper, who turns it about and then upside down*) Excuse me, monsieur, but you are holding the paper upside down; allow me! (*turning the paper the right way up*)

BAPT. Well, what am I to do with it?

PREFET. Read it, monsieur, read it!

BAPT. Read it! but I can't read I tell you; I don't know A from B.

PREFET. Oh, my lord, that denial will be in vain; here is your signature, or at least the letters *B.* and *E.*, in your own handwriting.

BAPT. Bless me! what a fudge you are telling me; why I can't write!

PREFET. He can't write! there's audacity; but it is useless to deny it, Monsieur, you are a convicted conspirator—an arch traitor! your doom will be “Death!”

BAPT. Death! all nonsense, old fellow; and I'll not stand it any longer, as sure as my name is Baptiste!

PREFET. Baptiste! you own then to your name? and it begins with a *B*, and ends with an *E*. Oh, it is but too evident! unhappy young man! you will be broken on the wheel, or else beheaded!

BAPT. Broken on the wheel! beheaded! what for?

PREFET. Need you ask? were you not stealing away when I arrested you?

BAPT. No! I was snoring fast asleep: ask my cousin Monica if I wasn't. Oh, why did I knock down the game-keeper—quarrel with my father; and run away from home?

BONI. Monica, did you say? there is certainly a young girl in the village of that name.

BAPT. Yes, Monica, the daughter of Farmer Boncœur. You must know him; he is my uncle by the mother's side.

PREFET. Here's a discovery! Farmer Boncœur's nephew! But I'll not believe it. No, Monsieur—no, Boniface, you cannot impose upon a Prefet.

Enter BLAISE hastily at door, with MONICA and GERTRUDE.

PREFET. Now what does this interruption mean, Blaise—what brings you here?

BLAISE. (c.) A man, and a horse, and a letter, Monsieur the Prefet.

GERTRUDE. Yes, a letter from the young count.

PREFET. The young count! what young count?

GERT. Monsieur de Bridoine, who has escaped. Thanks to Monica and myself.

MONICA. Yes, monsieur; and now perhaps you will let cousin Baptiste go; why, he has done nothing at all.

PREFET. Then he has had nothing to do with the plot. It is the Count de Bridoine. Ah! that name too begins with a *B*, and ends with an *E*. Baptiste, you are free!

BAPT. (R.) Free—hurrah! then perhaps you will let me have my jacket and sabots back again.

PREFET. Certainly; meanwhile I must look after the real author of the plot, the Count de Bridoine, and clap him into prison.

Enter COUNT DE BRIDOINE, at door.

COUNT. I hope not, my good Prefet; for here I am returned in time to prevent this ridiculous affair from proceeding further.

PREFET. A ridiculous affair! pray explain yourself.

COUNT. The truth is, that some mischievous person wishing to hoax his excellency the Governor, and his worthy Prefet; thought proper to send the former the rough sketch of a plot.

PREFET. I knew there was a plot.

COUNT. Of the plot of a tragedy, which the Marquis d' Athénè my friend, and myself, are writing in conjunction. Well, the Governor and Prefet, not understanding the joke, have made themselves very absurd, by arresting two innocent people, who never contemplated any murder save a dramatic one. All has been explained; and as soon as I was made acquainted with the result, I hastened back to prevent further mischief.

PREFET. Oh, how I have been taken in.

COUNT. You have, indeed; but who knows, Prefet, but you may yet distinguish yourself in detecting a conspiracy!

PREFET. No, no, monsieur; I have had enough both of "Plot," and "Counter-Plot."

BAPTISTE. MONICA. COUNT. PREFET. GERTRUDE. BONIFACE. BLAISE.

R.

L.

CHARADE THE ECCOND.

THE WORD—BLINDFOLD.

SYLLABLE I.—BLIND.

Characters.

DOCTOR VANBOREM.

HERR MUDDLEWITZ.

MAX, *his Nephew, a young Lieutenant.*

FRITZ, *his Servant.*

CAROLINE, *the Ward of Muddlewitz,*

LISA, *her Maid.*

TIME.—Period of Louis Quinze.

Costumes.

DOCTOR.—Black suit; full breeches; white full wig.

HERR MUDDLEWITZ.—Brown square-cut coat; grey stockings; black waistcoat; brown full breeches.

MAX.—White military suit; boots; powder; gold-laced three-cornered hat.

FRITZ.—Red coat; yellow breeches; shoes.

CAROLINE.—Figured silk dress of the time.

LISA.—Stuff jacket; yellow full skirt; apron; small round cap.

SCENE.—A German Town. A Room in Muddlewitz's House; window in background; sofa, R., on which MUDDLEWITZ is sleeping; table and chairs, L, medicine bottles, glasses, &c., on table, at which CAROLINE and LISA are seated at work—LISA is making a shirt sleeve, CAROLINE knitting.

LISA. Heigho! There, thank goodness, that long seam is done at last, Mademoiselle Caroline.

CARO. Well, what is it, Lisa?

LISA. Don't you find it horribly dull here?

CARO. Indeed I do; I think the place is detestable.

LISA. So do I, mademoiselle; and I'm thinking that it would not be a bad plan for us to run away together.

CARO. Hush, Lisa! you will awake my guardian, Herr Muddlewitz.

LISA. No fear of that, Fraulien; he is safe for some time—thanks to the sleeping draught that Doctor Vanborem gave him. So now I can speak a bit of my mind without being scolded. I want to know why we are obliged to be shut up in this dull house—why Herr Muddlewitz forbids us to go out except into the garden and to church once a week.

CARO. My guardian says it is out of regard for my health; but, Lisa, I think he shuts me up solely because he means to oblige me to marry that odious Doctor Vanborem.

LISA. What that old fright! Why, Fraulien, he might be your grandfather; and, lud, what a scarecrow he is in that cauliflower wig, and large spectacles—I hate him.

CARO. Not more than I do, Lisa. And then, dear Max, who is away with his regiment—

LISA. Yes, Lieutenant Max, your guardian's nephew, whom we all thought you were to marry; what will he say, poor young gentleman?

CARO. That grieves me more even than being locked up; I can't bear to think what he must feel.

LISA. Oh, then he does know of this intended marriage; then take my word for it, Fraulien, Lieutenant Max will find his way here.

CARO. What, in spite of walls twenty feet high, an iron chevaux-de-frize, a house door constantly locked, and the key kept in Herr Muddlewitz's pocket?

LISA. Yes, Fraulien; it would not surprise me if he were to be here before this time to-morrow. If he should get in now by any lucky chance, whilst his uncle is asleep!

CARO. Oh consider, Lisa, how very improper that would be!

LISA. And how remarkably pleasant, too. Why you

know, that you have been brought up together, and your parents always intended that you and Max should marry.

CARO. Hark, Lisa! did you not hear a noise? I do believe it is some one at the window.

LISA. Some one at the window—what can make you imagine that?

CARO. (*rises*) Lisa, perhaps it is somebody trying to get in. Don't you think so?

LISA. (*rises*) I'll just look. (*goes to window*) Why, if it isn't a young man with a ladder, and I declare here comes—

CARO. (*eagerly*) Oh, Lisa, what is coming?

LISA. (*comes forward*) The answer to your letter, mademoiselle!

CARO. What, my dear Max already! (*runs to window and opens it; Max jumps into the room*) Why, Max, can it be really you?

LISA. To be sure it is; did I not foresee that he was coming. I'll run away.

MAX. No, no, Lisa, stay. Well, my dear Caroline, here I am.

CARO. Hush, hush!

MAX. Hush! What for?

CARO. Your uncle!—he is fast asleep there on the sofa, and may waken up if you speak so loud.

MAX. I wish he would, for I have something to say to him. Who is this noodle he wishes you to marry?

CARO. His new doctor, and a very learned man.

LISA. Learned! You should see his wig!

MAX. What, Caroline, would you marry an old fogie in a wig? Is my uncle ill again? what ails him?

CARO. Literally nothing.

LISA. And the new doctor is curing him. Bless me, he persuades Herr Muddlewitz that he can make him live for ever!

CARO. And ward off every complaint he fancies that he has, on condition that I consent to marry the old doctor, which I never mean to do!

MAX. That's right! Of course you have told my uncle as much?

CARO. Not exactly—for what are we to do without money?

MAX. True; I have nothing but my pay, and the

prospect of my uncle's money at his death. Then he may disinherit me. What must we do?

CARO. Ah, Max, if you were but a doctor, with some new fangled remedy, and you could contrive to wheedle him, as this Doctor Vanborem does.

LISA. That would be no easy matter, for master has a different illness for every day in the week; last week it was gout, to-day it is ague, and to-morrow I daresay he will imagine that he has apoplexy. But—hush! I really think Herr Muddlewitz is going to wake up.

CARO. Max, you must go away.

MAX. Go? not I! Here I am, and here I shall remain, in proof of which—(*goes to window, and leans out*) there I have thrown down the ladder; you say that my uncle keeps the door key, so I can't get out anyway.

Enter FRITZ at door, L.

Hey! my friend, Fritz, what have you there.

FRITZ. If it isn't Monsieur Max! why, la, sir, how did you get in?

MAX. No matter, here I am, Fritz.

FRITZ. And here is some more of that doctor's stuff for your poor uncle, who fancies now that he is very ill.

MAX. What, is he as whimsical as ever, I've a great mind to try my hand at a little doctoring. Yes, it shall be so; I will persuade Uncle Muddlewitz that he is blind.

CARO. Blind!

LISA. Blind! How shall you manage that?

MAX. Very easily; for my good uncle, who is as obstinate as he is credulous, shall not only believe that he is afflicted with sudden blindness, but I will contrive to make him quarrel with his favourite doctor for disagreeing with him. Now, quick to work, before my victim awakes! Shut out every gleam of light; make the room pitch dark if you can. (*they close the shutters,—stage dark*) Mind, that for the present, I am supposed to be twenty leagues off with my regiment. I shall appear at the proper time.

CARO. What are we to do, Max; we are literally in the dark, too.

MAX. You must be guided by circumstances. Hush! I think he is stirring!

MUDDLE. (*from sofa*) Fritz! Fritz! where are you?

FRITZ. I'm here, sir.

MUDDLE. (*sitting up*) Caroline, my love! why, is it possible! Dear me! I have been asleep all day, and it is now quite dark—it must be night.

CARO. Night! oh dear no; it is just noonday, and the sun is shining beautifully.

MUDDLE. Nonsense, child; I tell you it is pitch dark, and I cannot even see my hand.

LISA. And yet it is such a lovely day; if you would just open your eyes, you would see, sir.

MUDDLE. Open my eyes!—why, they are wide open!

CARO. Oh, my dear guardian; you must be mistaken. Now, do try to open your eyes.

MUDDLE. I tell you again they are wide open—staring wide open!

CARO. Oh, do not say so—I entreat of you. Do not suggest the horrid thought that you cannot see! (*pretends to cry*) Oh, oh!

LISA. Oh, my beloved master, do not—do not say, that you are afflicted with blindness! (*pretends to cry*) Oh, oh!

FRITZ. (*pretends to cry still more violently*) Oh, oh, oh, oh! to think, sir, that you should all at once become blind! Oh, oh, oh, oh!

MUDDLE. (*starts up*) Blind!—you mean to say that I am blind?

LISA. You must, sir, if you cannot see at broad noon-day.

MUDDLE. (*sinking back on sofa*) It must be so!—I am blind! That accounts for the peculiar sensation I feel in my head. Send for Doctor Vanborem, my only hope is in him. Yes, I am blind! (*after a pause*) My faithful Fritz, where are you?

FRITZ. (L.) I am here, sir—just on your right!

MUDDLE. (*turns R.*) Come to me then!

FRITZ. Yes, sir! (*walks towards sofa, groping his way in the dark, throws a chair down, and tumbles over the footstool*)

MUDDLE. What noise was that?

FRITZ. Only a chair I knocked down.

MUDDLE. Give me your hand, Fritz.

FRITZ. Yes, sir. (*gropes about by the sofa, and pulls off MUDDLEWITZ's night cap*)

MUDDLE. (*putting his hands up to his head*) You booby; what are you pulling my night cap off for? (*pushes FRITZ away who treads on MUDDLEWITZ's toes*) Oh! that's my gouty foot—or, rather the foot where the gout is to break out. There, get along with you; one would think it were you that were blind, not myself. (*FRITZ, after some awkward attempts, gets to R.*)

CARO. Can I do nothing for my dear guardian?

MUDDLE. Oh, my dear Caroline, you are very good! Yes! my handkerchief; it is on the table. Come, make haste! (*CAROLINE gropes about for the table, MAX pops into her hand the sleeve on which LISA was working*)

CARO. Here is your handkerchief, sir. (*puts the sleeve close to his eyes*)

MUDDLE. Bless me, my dear, you are almost as clumsy as Fritz! (*takes the sleeve*) How remarkable it is that my sense of touch should be so changed! I declare this silk handkerchief feels to me very like fine linen; you have not given me one of yours in mistake, Caroline?

CARO. Oh, dear no, sir! (*aside*) What can I have given him?

MUDDLE. (*trying to unfold the sleeve*) Why, it is fastened together with a needle, and it is exactly like a bag half made, sewed up at one side. Pray, Lucy, have you been cobbling up my best silk handkerchiefs?

LISA. No, sir, it is all your fancy.

MUDDLE. I wish that doctor would come. Lisa, I will take my bitter draught now.

LISA. Your draught, sir—directly, sir. (*aside*) What are we to do?

MAX. (*aside*) I'll manage it. (*MAX gropes about for the table, and throws down a plate which breaks*)

MUDDLE. What mischief are you about, Lisa?

LISA. Me, sir! I did nothing; it's the cat.

MUDDLE. The cat! you forget, child, that poor tabby died last week. Now am I to have that medicine?

LISA. Directly, sir.

(*MAX pours something from out of a bottle into a glass, he passes it to CAROLINE, who passes it to LISA, she puts it up to MUDDLEWITZ's eye*)

MUDDLE. Gently, my good girl; I can find the way to

my mouth, but you are putting the medicine into my eye. (*drinks*) How odd! this tastes to me exactly like vinegar. Take it away! it sets my teeth on edge. I do believe you all want to poison me. (*MAX goes towards door, L.—knocks*) Who is that, come in?

MAX. My dear uncle—ah! what do I behold?

MUDDLE. Is not that my nephew, Max? oh, my dear boy! this is a sad day for you. I am blind! it's come upon me in a moment.

MAX. Blind! my dear uncle? alas, now I look at you I fear it is but too true. But how imprudent to expose your eyes to the air; let me bind my handkerchief over them. As you value your hopes of recovery, your eyes must instantly be covered up.

MUDDLE. Cover them up then. Oh, what is to become of me:

(*MAX, in feeling his way to the sofa stumbles over FRITZ, who falls down*)

Now what's that?

FRITZ. It is only Fritz, I somehow fell down.

MUDDLE. How stupid you all become of a sudden. Now, nephew, bind up my poor blind eyes.

MAX. Directly, dear uncle. (*he fastens the handkerchief over MUDDLEWITZ's eyes*) There you will feel better by-and-bye.

MUDDLE. Never, I am getting worse and worse every minute.

LISA. (*opens shutters, stage becomes light*) I do believe the doctor is coming at last.

FRITZ. I'll run and let him in. *Exit FRITZ, at door, L.*

MUDDLE. Now I shall know my fate. Max, are you near me?

MAX. I am at your side; but, uncle, whatever you do, pray keep that bandage over your eyes.

MUDDLE. I will, I will.

Enter DOCTOR VAN BOREM and FRITZ, L.

DOCTOR. My dear friend, what is this I hear?

MUDDLE. I have been suddenly deprived of my sight, doctor.

DOCTOR. Impossible! I don't, I won't believe it. Let me examine your eyes.

MAX. Pardon me, sir; but that bandage must not be removed.

DOCTOR. And, pray, young gentleman, who may you be, that are presuming to dictate to me?

MAX. The nephew of Herr Muddlewitz.

DOCTOR. But not his doctor, I believe. Now don't interfere with me; Muddlewitz, my dear friend, my dear friend, I won't believe there is anything the matter with your eyesight; It is only one of your foolish whims.

MUDDLE. (*angrily*) Foolish whims! what do you mean, Doctor? foolish whims, indeed! That is as much as to say, that I am only fancying I am ill. I tell you I am blind!

DOCTOR. I tell you, you are not; you can see as well as I do.

MUDDLE. I can't!

DOCTOR. You can. Pooh, pooh! don't tell me such nonsense.

MUDDLE. (*in a passion*) Nonsense, do you call it? you come to a poor weak invalid, who is dying by inches with the gout, ague, apoplexy and blindness; and you will tell him there is nothing the matter with him.

DOCTOR. No more there is; you are as well as I am.

MUDDLE. I'm not! and I'll prove it, sir; for I will—yes, I will die to spite you—I will die, doctor, see if I won't; and you shan't marry my ward.

DOCTOR. Oh, very well—break your promise if you will: as to your threat of dying, put it into execution; but don't presume to send for me, you whimsical, fanciful old twaddler. Good morning.

Exit, banging door after him, L.

MUDDLE. That fellow is positively hateful, to dare to contradict me!—to tell me to die in that unfeeling manner! I will never take another of his prescriptions again, and Caroline, my love, you can't marry him.

CARO. No, indeed! I could not marry a man who has treated you so cruelly. Oh, sir, I would willingly bestow my hand and fortune on the person who could restore you to sight.

MUDDLE. You should have my consent. Oh, Max, why

are you not a doctor and able to cure me? you could claim the hand of Caroline.

MAX. I was going to observe, sir, that a curious case came under the care of our regimental surgeon; a gentleman similarly afflicted as you are, and as suddenly attacked.

MUDDLE. And was he cured?

MAX. You shall hear. Pray, sir, when first seized, did you not feel a sort of—of—

MUDDLE. I certainly did feel something of the kind.

MAX. Followed by a kind of sensation.

MUDDLE. Exactly so, a sensation.

MAX. And then a species of—

MUDDLE. Just so; how well you understand my complaint.

MAX. Then, sir, I confidently assert that I can cure you.

MUDDLE. Can you, my dear boy? but how?

MAX. By the simplest form of mesmerism; a perfectly new discovery, in which I have great faith, that is in a case like yours. But it must be applied to the patient as soon after the attack as possible.

MUDDLE. My dear Max, you shall try the experiment on me; and if you can remove this blindness, I promise to let you and Caroline marry.

MAX. Enough. Compose yourself, dear uncle; there is nothing frightful nor painful in what I am about to do; you have only to remain passive in my hands. Now to commence: Fritz, take your master by the left and hold Lisa by the right hand—uncle, give me your right and, Caroline, let me have your left hand; now the mesmeric chain is complete. I pull you gently one way, thus—
(MAX *nearly drags MUDDLEWITZ off the sofa*)

MUDDLE. Oh, gently, gently, or you will pull me down!

MAX. Hush, my dear uncle, do not disturb this important proceeding. Now, Fritz, pull my uncle gently, very gently to the left.

Fritz. Yes, Mr. Max. (*he nearly drags MUDDLEWITZ down*)

MUDDLE. I say, I say, what are you about, Fritz?

MAX. My dear sir, be prudent. Do you not feel a rather curious all-over-ish-ness?

MUDDLE. I think I do.

MAX. The remedy will succeed beyond my hopes. Now, sir, stand up, (*MUDDLEWITZ stands up*) and when I count four, try and jump as high as you can.

MUDDLE. Jump! my dear Max—I can't—I have not jumped for the last twenty years.

MAX. But you must try, for in that consists the cure. Now, attention all, and silence! (*MAX makes some ridiculous mesmeric passes*) One, two, three, four!

MUDDLE. (*jumps up, and then sinks exhausted on the sofa*) Oh, oh! I shall never get my breath again!

MAX. Vittoria!—Vittoria! the cure is perfect! Liza remove the bandage. (*LIZA takes off the handkerchief*) Now, open your eyes!

MUDDLE. Wonderful! I can see!—hurrah! hurrah! (*waves his night cap*)

Enter DOCTOR VAN BOREM, L.

Hey, Doctor, so you are returned to find me cured.

DOCTOR. Cured, aye, of your fancies!

MUDDLE. No, Doctor, of my blindness—and it is my dear nephew who has restored me to sight.

DOCTOR. Your nephew, indeed! Friend Muddlewitz, you must be a great simpleton!

MUDDLE. Simpleton!—there's an insult! I must know better than you if I was blind. But you are beneath my notice, sir! Max, I hold to my promise, you will marry my ward, and at my death—though, I shall live to plague you many years—

CARO. I hope you will, dear sir.

MUDDLE. I shall leave my fortune to Max.

DOCTOR. As I find that I am not wanted, I shall take my leave—observing that none are so blind as those who will not see.

Exit, L.

MUDDLE. Spiteful fellow! after me swallowing all his medicine, whilst he swallowed my wine. I fancy that when I became his patient—I must have become, mentally, very—very blind!

FRITZ.

LIZA.

MAX.

CAROLINE.

MUDDLE.

R.

L.

SYLLABLE II.—FOLD.

Characters.

MR. NIGGLETON.

EDWARD RATTLE, *his Nephew.*COTTONTOPS, *the Man Servant.*MITTS, *Maid of All-work.*

[Costumes of the Day.]

SCENE.—*Breakfast room at Mr. Niggleton's. Table laid for breakfast in centre ; chairs, R. and L.*

MR. NIGGLETON is discovered seated R. of table, in a dress-gown and slippers, an open letter in his hand.

NIGGLE. So my cousin, Edward Rattle, proposes coming here, on a visit to my humble abode. He writes me word that he has taken his degree, and has come out fifth. (*looks at letter*) What is it? It looks like waggoner, as he has scribbled it; but he intends it, I dare say, for wrangler! Fifth wrangler! that is something very grand, no doubt, and I must be very glad to see him! I only trust that he will not bear out his name of Rattle, as I am so devoted to a quiet life. (*calls*) Cottontops! Cottontops!

COTTONTOPS. (*without, L.*) Yes, sir; coming directly!

Enter COTTONTOPS, L, with tray, on which, is coffee-pot, toast-rack, &c.

Here you are, sir, coffee, all hot, and the dried toasteses done to a turn.

NIGGLE. Toasteses! Dry toast, you mean, Cottontops. Never call them "toasteses;" and pray don't bounce into a room vociferating in that manner, as if you were accustomed to run about with a baked potatoe can.

COTTON. Well, I won't, sir. (*arranges coffee pot, &c.*) There you are, sir; right as a trivet!

NIGGLE. Now Cottontops, Cottontops, don't! Will you consider my poor nerves? and *do* leave off that incessant "here you are," and "there you are." I am neither here,

nor there, but just in my own proper place, and—Dear dear! how stupid you are, fellow! How often I have told you—nay, implored of you, always to place things in a straight line on the table, exactly corresponding to the centre fold of the table cloth. Now will you remember that?

COTTON. Beg pardon, sir! Yes, sir! (*puts tray straight*)

NIGGLE. Cottontops, I expect my cousin, Mr. Rattle here, on a visit—

COTTON. What, here, sir—at Tantivy Lodge?

NIGGLE. Tantivy Lodge? Cottontops, I respect you; but, in the words of the immortal bard, I shall be tempted to exclaim, “Never more be officer of mine,” if you will miscall this house. It is the “Fold!” the peaceful retreat of my declining years—where, far from strife and noise—(*a great crash is heard within L.*) Good gracious! what is that? What has happened now?

Enter MITTS, hurriedly, L.

MITTS. Oh, sir! that there dratted dog has been stealing the kidneys I was a broiling for your breakfast. Didn't I send the Dutch oven, and the flat iron after him.

NIGGLE. Only the abstraction of a broiled kidney! I thought the house was coming about our ears. Now, Mitts, my good girl, never horrify me again by such an uproar, and such detestable grammar. Where is my newspaper?

MITTS. (*gives paper*) Here sir, I've ironed it out, there's not a wrinkle in it.

NIGGLE. Thank you, Mitts; But shall I never teach you how to fold a paper properly? Why what a crumpled concern you have made of it. Here are as many creases in it as in an ill made coat, and one in particular, slap through the middle of my “Sonnet on a Snowdrop,” in the poet's corner. Mitts, I expect a visitor; Mr. Rattle, my cousin, he will arrive here to day, therefore prepare the best bed room.

MITTS. Yes, sir, I'll set about it now; shall I take the covers off the chairs and sofa in the drawing room?

NIGGLE. To be sure, Mitts, if it be not too much trouble.

MITTS. Trouble! not a bit of it; I'll whisk them off, and wrap them up in no time.

NIGGLE. "Fold" them up you mean, not wrap—yes "fold" them up, if you please, Mitts.

MITTS. Well then, sir, I'll fold them up. (*aside*) What a precise old gentleman he is. *Exit, L.*

NIGGLE. Cottontops, has the butcher sent for orders yet?

COTTON. Not this morning, sir.

NIGGLE. Just step down into the village with my compliments to Mr. Sparerib, and I wish him, if possible, to send me up a leg of lamb.

COTTON. He's safe to do it, sir. He always puts by the best joints for Tantivy Hall.

NIGGLE. (*holding up his finger*) Cottontops, be warned in time.

COTTON. Beg pardon, sir; leastways I mean the Fold. (*aside*) Bother master, with his queer ways. *Exit, L.*

NIGGLE. I haven't seen Ned Rattle since he was a schoolboy: Rattle is rather an unfortunate name for a grave wrangler, but I daresay he is steady enough. (*a violent ring at the door bell*) Who can that be, pulling the bell in that inconsiderate manner? (*rises, looks out of window*) A very sporting-looking individual, with a cigar in his mouth, and a carpet bag in his hand. Why, surely it can't be Mr. Rattle? Yet he is coming in.

Enter RATTLE, L.

Mr. Rattle, is it you?

RATTLE. (*flings down carpet bag*) Yes, cousin Niggleton—Ned Rattle, and no mistake. How do you do? (*shakes his hand rather roughly*) Here I am, after such a tramp across the country—and I am as hungry as a hunter, and as dusty as a miller!

NIGGLE. Pray be seated, Mr. Rattle.

RATTLE. Hang it, cousin, don't mister me; call me Ned, as you used to do. And now to breakfast.

NIGGLE. They shall bring in some more directly. (*rings a small hand bell*)

Enter MITTS, L.

Mitts, breakfast for Mr. Rattle. What would you prefer, cousin Ned?

RATTLE. Nothing—anything—tea—coffee—ham—

chickens, if you have it, or else eggs and bacon ; never mind which, Molly !

Exit MITTS, L.

NIGGLE. Mitts, my dear cousin Ned ; I never allow vulgar names into the Fold.

RATTLE. Query !—why call your house, the Fold ?—it used to be known as Tantivy Hall !

NIGGLE. Yes, but I am so averse to anything like a sporting name, that I instantly changed Tantivy Hall into the Fold—as being more emblematic of my peaceful habits. I had some idea at first of calling it the Dove Cot ; but Mr. Pigeon, the retired poulterer forestalled me, by choosing that title for his new cottage.

RATTLE. I perceive ; so that in lieu of billing and cooing ringdoves, you prefer peaceable bleating muttons ; very appropriate.

Enter MITTS, L, with plate, &c.—cup and saucer.

MITTS. (*places them on table*) Your ham and chicken, sir, and your cup and saucer.

Exit L.

RATTLE. Capital ! Don't be shocked, cousin, at my appetite ; I daresay, you have already breakfasted ; here is a London paper, containing a most interesting debate, and a very refreshing account of an elopement in high life.

Takes a very rumpled paper out of his pocket, throws it over to NIGGLETON,

NIGGLE. (*endeavouring to smooth it*) Much obliged to you, cousin Ned ; but why not fold up your newspaper a little better ?

RATTLE. Yes, I ought to do so—but I was hurried when I started, so I thrust it into my pocket. It's rather tiresome for people who are as methodical as yourself, cousin, to have such a hairbrained rattle as myself here ; but I promise not to offend if I can help it, the hospitable master of the Sheep Pen !

NIGGLE. Sheep Pen ? you are joking, I see, cousin Ned, you mean the Fold—Fold.

RATTLE. Ah, so it is, but I shall be for ever forgetting it, my head will run upon something else ; I invariably call people out of their name ; I found myself addressing our principal, Dr. Potter, as Dr. Earthenware, or something of the kind.

NIGGLE. Very amusing indeed.

RATTLE. Yes, but he didn't see the joke; it is astonishing how dull some of our big wigs are. By-the-bye, cousin, have you pleasant neighbours here? I presume that all the families round about have paid their respects and left their cards at the Sheep Walk.

NIGGLE. The Fold, my dear Ned, the Fold; now do try to remember that.

RATTLE. Fold, Fold, Fold, Fold! I must be uncommonly stupid, and I really beg your pardon.

NIGGLE. Granted, cousin Ned.

Enter COTTONTOPS, L.

Well, Cottontops, what now?

COTTON. It's the butcher, sir. Would you believe it if he hasn't sold the last leg of lamb to the Dove Cot, instead of keeping it for Tantivy Hall.

NIGGLE. Cottontops, you are incorrigible—Hall, indeed!

RATTLE. Come, cousin, never mind the last lamb, provided everything else is right in the—what is it?

NIGGLE. The Fold.

RATTLE. True; right and safe within the Fold.

RATTLE.
N.

NIGGLE.

COTTON.
L.

END OF THE SECOND SYLLABLE.

PART III.—THE WORD.—BLINDFOLD.

Characters.

MARGOT, *Daughter of Gregoire.*

MARIE

ANNETTE } *young Peasant Girls.*

CHRISTINE }

GREGOIRE, *a Farmer.*

PIERRE, *his Nephew.*

LOUIS, *a young Conscript.*

Costumes.

THE GIRLS are attired in tasteful provincial costumes of France.
GREGOIRE.—A blouse, broad-brimmed hat, breeches, grey stockings, and shoes.

PIERRE.—Blouse.

LOUIS.—Blue blouse, light trousers, round hat with figures "96," and tri-coloured ribbons.

SCENE.—A large Upper Room in Gregoire's House ; window in background ; door, L., by which every one will have to enter ; door, R., leads into a closet.

Enter MARGOT, speaking as she enters, L.

MARG. Yes, father, I shall take care. Now I mean to enjoy myself ; all the world is gone off to the harvest fields, excepting my cousin Pierre, and he is such a simpleton that I can twist him round my finger. I wonder why those girls are not come yet ! if they don't make haste, we shall have no time to ourselves. Ha ! I hear them ; yes, here they are.

Enter, at door L., MARIE, ANNETTE, and CHRISTINE.

Why, girls, how late you are.

ANN. It was all Marie's fault, she would stop to chat with the waggoner.

MARIE. Oh, what a fib ! I should like to know who you were laughing with.

MARG. Now don't quarrel. Where are the rest of them?

CHRIS. Coming directly. Now what are we going to do, Margot?

MARG. Why everything!--dancing and games, and then we will go down stairs when we are tired, and set round the fire, and tell such beautiful stories about a real live ghost; that is enough to frighten you all out of your wits.

MARIE. Speak for yourself, Margot; as for me I never am frightened. (*screams*) Oh! good la! oh!

ALL THE GIRLS. What is the matter, Marie?

MARIE. I heard something coming clumpity, clump, clump up the stairs.

MARGOT. (*listens*) Hush! it is my father! oh, girls, run into the closet; for should he be in an ill temper, he will order you all to return home. (*the three GIRLS hide in closet, R.*) I hope that father will not think of looking there.

Enter GREGOIRE, L.

MARG. La, father, how soon you have returned.

GREGOIRE. Yes, I just thought of some orders I had to give Pierre, and I can't find him. Was he not here?

MARG. No, father.

GREG. Pray who were you talking to?—I certainly heard voices.

MARG. Voices? you heard me, father.

GREG. Then I should say that *me* was making noise enough for half-a-dozen. Now mind, Margot, there are some young conscripts passing through the village, and I desire that you do not invite any of them to come in here.

MARG. La, father, do you think I would do anything of the kind.

GREG. I don't know, Miss Margot; and—well—be a good girl, I shall be late to night; and as there are a great many strange fellows strolling about, keep all the doors fastened, and don't go gadding anywhere.

MARG. Certainly not, father.

GREG. Good bye then. Now I must be off. *Exit door, L.*

MARG. Don't hurry home, father dear. (*runs to closet*) Girls, you may come out.

Enter ANNETTE, MARIE, and CHRISTINE, cautiously from closet.

CHRIS. Is he gone?

ANN. Is it all safe?

MARIE. Safe! as if there had been any danger; so you needn't have squeezed up into the corner behind me, Annette.

CHRIS. Oh, Marie! didn't you push me in front, when you thought that Monsieur Gregoire was going to open the door?

MARG. Come, come, no disputing. I wish the other girls would make haste. (*goes to window—looks out*) Well, I declare, if there isn't—

GIRLS. (*run to window*) Oh, what? Where?

MARG. A young man, who is making all manner of signs to me. Who can he be?

CHRIS. (*at window*) Margot, it is one of the poor young conscripts.

MARG. A conscript? I was desired by father not to speak to one of them. Come away from the window.

ANN. Come away, indeed! I suppose one may look at him. Why, Margot, that young conscript is poor Louis, who hasn't a friend in the world—Louis our old playfellow.

MARG. What, is it Louis—Grandmother Nicole's orphan nephew, who went away to seek his fortune? he is an old friend. Do you think there would be any harm in asking him in here;

MARIE. Harm? to be sure not! besides, I can manage it. I shall invite him in; and you can safely say that you had nothing to do with it. (*runs to window*) Louis, Louis! go round by the farm yard, and come up the back stairs. There, Margot, now your conscience is clear!

MARG. But suppose that Pierre, or my father should come.

ANN. Suppose the sky should fall, what a lot of larks we should catch. Besides, can't we contrive to hide him out of the way?

MARG. Well, if you will bear the blame, Louis may come in. (*a noise without, L.*) There he is, blundering up the back stairs!

Enter LOUIS, door, L.

My poor Louis, how dusty you are.

LOUIS. Dusty indeed! we have been marching since daybreak; and if you had not let me in, I don't know a soul that would have asked me to sit down.

CHRIS. Where are you going to, Louis?

LOUIS. Going to be a soldier—I have drawn an unlucky number; but that's my fate! I always come in for more kicks than halfpence.

MARG. I suppose you are about to join your regiment.

LOUIS. Yes, Margot, I am number ninety-six, and I am going to gather laurels, so the sergeant tells me; but, between you and me, I would prefer remaining at home, digging up potatoes.

CHRIS. Why didn't you tell him so?

LOUIS. So I did, and the sergeant said I was a fool.

MARG. That might be true; but it wasn't very polite.

LOUIS. No, it wasn't! And then he made a fine speech about some grand gentleman, that lived at Rome; Monsieur Cin-cin—something, who left his plough and his turnips, to be a general.

ANN. What did you say to that?

LOUIS. I said, "Every one to his taste, sergeant; some like glory, gunpowder, and cannon balls; others, prefer bread and cheese, and a whole skin." It was of no use, go, I must!

MARG. Consider what a fine gentleman you will be.

LOUIS. Me, a fine gentleman? Margot, I defy them to make of me anything but a clumsy country lad! let them rap my knuckles, push up my head, and turn up my toes ever so much. Well, and how are you all, and what has become of my old schoolfellows?

MARG. Some like you, have been drawn for the conscription—others have gone away.

PIERRE. (*without, L.*) Mam'selle Margot!—mam'selle Margot!

MARG. Oh, Louis, Louis! It is all over with us!

LOUIS. What is the matter?

MARG. That meddlesome fellow Pierre; he is coming in, and must not find you here.

LOUIS. I'll run away directly!

MARG. You can't, he will meet you on the stairs—and the window is too high from the ground for you to jump out, and the chimney too narrow for you to creep up.

(they all run about the stage in confusion)

LOUIS. There's a closet yonder; I can hide there.

MARG. Yes, pop in, and I shall contrive to get rid of Pierre. *(pushes LOUIS into the closet)*

Enter PIERRE, L.

Well, Pierre, what may you want?

PIER. Why, I want—oh, oh, young ladies, there you are upon the sly. I should like cousin Gregoire to come in, and catch you all here.

MARIE. Pray, what harm are we doing?

PIER. Harm!—I never said a word about harm; but I am sure you are after no good.

CHRIS. No good! Oh, you impertinent creature!

ANN. No good, forsooth; my big brother shall give you his opinion on the subject!

PIER. Now—now, will you all be quiet. Bless you, I was only in fun! Do you think, Margot, I would be so ill-natured?

MARG. I am sure you would; and as we prefer your room to your company, I shall trouble you to go—do you hear me?

PIER. I don't want to stay, mam'selle! I merely came to get a hat out of the closet.

Is going towards closet, R.—MARGOT runs, and stands with her back against it.

MARG. Now, Pierre, just to punish you for your impertinent remarks, you shan't go into that closet. All my pots of preserves are on the shelf, and how can I tell, but that some of them may be missing,

PIER. Mam'selle Margot, I defy your suspicions, and must have my hat. Come away, and let me look for it.

MARG. I won't—so there now!

PIER. Then, I know what I begin to suspect!

MARG. You suspect!—you dare to suspect!—and what?

PIER. That you have got some one locked up there.

ALL THE GIRLS. *(exclaim)* Oh, for shame! Aspersing our characters!

MARG. Suspect what you will, sir, you shall not open that door.

PIER. Good! that will not prevent me from locking it, the key is on the outside. (*runs to door R., locks it, holds up the key in triumph*) And when your father comes home, miss, we shall hear what he has to say. (*puts key into his pocket*) Now, young ladies, I shall leave you to amuse yourselves. (*aside*) How confused they all look!

MARIE. Pierre, it is too bad of you to be so spiteful.

MARG. (*aside*) I must have that key. Pierre, if you'll not tell my father, I'll confess.

PIER. Oh, you will confess!

MARG. That we only met here to have a little amusement, such as a game at Puss in the Corner, and Blindman's Buff.

PIER. Blindman's buff! I adore Blindman's Buff!

MARG. Should you like to have a game with us?

PIER. Should I? why of course! There isn't such a clever hand in all France at Blindman's Buff, as I am. I can walk about, and fetch and carry, and find out as quickly when I am blindfold, as when my eyes are wide open.

CHRIS. Pierre, that must be a fib.

PIER. Is it? now to prove it, you shall blindfold me first, and I will not only catch every one of you, but I will walk straight to that closet door, open it, and take out my hat.

MARG. Nonsense! I'll not believe it, unless I see it.

PIER. You shall see it. Come, Marie, blindfold me. (*pulls out a large handkerchief*) Tie it well over my eyes.

MARIE. (*blindfolds PIERRE*) Oh, I'll take care you shall not see a bit. Now, Pierre, how many horses has your father got?

PIER. Three.

MARIE. What colours are they?

PIER. Black, white, and blue—no, grey.

MARIE. Then turn round three times, and catch whom you may.

PIER. Before I catch you, I shall convince Margot that I was not boasting. (*grotes his way to the closet, the GIRLS follow him on tip-toe*) Here I am, now for the key. (*takes*

the key from his pocket, unlocks the door, opens it, MARGOT pulls him back suddenly so as to allow LOUIS to run out! Some one pulled me back; that's not fair play. *(makes a dart at LOUIS who stoops—PIERRE snatches off his hat on which the number 96 is pinned in the front)* Oh, oh! some one was running off with my hat! Ah, shabby, shabby! *(GIRLS have surrounded LOUIS)* But I shall catch you all in turn.

MARG. Well do, that's all!

(they all go out quietly at door, L., PIERRE puts on the hat, and begins playing at blindman's buff)

PIER. I hear you all; you are up in the corner; mind, no hiding in the closet. Now for it. *(runs about the stage)* I shall catch one of you, never fear.

Goes to door, L. which suddenly opens—GREGOIRE enters, PIERRE seizes him.

PIER. There, I said I could.

GREG. *(throws him off)* What are you doing here, Pierre? blindfold and dancing about like a madman.

PIER. *(pulls off the handkerchief)* Cousin Gregoire, as I live! *(staggers back, R.)*

GREG. Yes, cousin Gregoire. Why do I find you up here, instead of minding the house downstairs?

PIER. Really, cousin, I—I——*(aside)* What a rage he will be in if I tell him the truth.

GREG. Where is Margot? *(calls)* Margot, Margot!

Enter MARGOT, L.

Pray what have you been doing? Idling and playing?

PIER. *(aside to her)* Mum! he knows nothing.

MARG. I only came in here, father, for—for——

GREG. *(interrupting her)* Never mind, we must prepare for visitors. The Prefet has asked me if I would give a supper and bed to the young conscripts that are passing through; of course I said yes, and returned to apprise you, so get a couple of rooms ready.

LOUIS, ANNETTE, CHRISTINE, and MARIE enter, L.

Heyday, who are you all?

LOUIS. Is it possible, Monsieur Gregoire, that you do not remember Louis, Dame Nicole's nephew?

GREG. What, Louis! who used to pelt the pig and steal the apples? what brings you here now?

LOUIS. I was drawn for the conscription. Hallo, friend, (to PIERRE) I will trouble you to give me back my hat and number.

PIER. Your hat? (*takes it off*) Mercy on us, how came it on my head?

GREG. (*snatches the hat*) Number 96; is that your number, Louis?

LOUIS. No, mine is 69; you see they made a mistake, turned my ticket upside down, and it appears I am number 69 and no conscript.

MARG. Not a conscript! how fortunate!

GREG. Is it? well, I dare say you are right. But, Louis, how came your hat on Pierre's head?

LOUIS. I believe, sir, Pierre put it there himself, when he was playing at Blindman's Buff.

PIER. I didn't! or if I did, you were hidden in the closet there.

GREG. Closet, hidden? What is the meaning of all this?

MARG. Don't be angry, father, it was only a frolic. We wanted to play Pierre a trick, and so—and so we——

GREG. Made him believe that black was white; in fact you contrived most completely to "Blindfold" him.

PIERRE.

GREG.

LOUIS.

MARG.

MARIE.

GIRLS.

R.

L.

END OF CHARADE THE SECOND.

HARADE THE THIRD.

THE WORD—OUTLAW.

SYLLABLE I.—OUT.

Characters.

MR. CRUMBSQUEEZE.

MIFFINS, *his Servant.*

EDWARD. } *his Nephews.*
JULIUS. }

MRS. BOUNCE, *the Housekeeper.*

POPPET, *the Maid Servant.*

[Costumes—Modern.]

An Apartment at Mr. Crumbsqueeze's. A circular table in C.; chairs, &c.; doors, R. and L.

Enter CRUMBSQUEEZE and MRS. BOUNCE, R.

CRUMB. Now mind, Mrs. Bounce, be very particular.

MRS. B. I am always particular, sir; in fact I may say particularly particular.

CRUMB. On this occasion, Mrs. Bounce, be very vigilant!

MRS. B. My watchfulness, sir, is proverbial.

CRUMB. Very likely, ma'am, but I beg that you will not interrupt me; know then, Mrs. Bounce, that I am going out.

MRS. B. For the day, sir?

CRUMB. No, for many days: I have business of importance to transact in London with my solicitors, Snookes and Stiggins. Observe, Mrs. Bounce, that the doors are to be always kept shut, and the place locked up by eight o'clock in the evening.

MRS. B. Certainly, Mr. Crumbsqueeze; though it will be broad daylight.

CRUMB. That is my business, ma'am; and keep the bills under if you please. There is a cold shoulder of mutton that ought to last you three for the rest of the week.

MRS. B. I am sure, sir, I am as saving as possible.

CRUMB. I beg also that you will prevent the cat from breaking the china, stealing my boots, eating the poultry, and plundering the cherry trees. Now, ma'am, have the goodness to send that oaf Miffins to me.

MRS. B. Directly, sir.

Exit, L.

CRUMB. I never leave home, but I am sure of being cheated. However, I shall be one too many for them now. Little do they think—but I will not anticipate. Where is that Miffins? (*calls*) Miffins! Miffins!

Enter MIFFINS slowly, L.

Well, snail, can't you move a little faster?

MIFF. You always scold me, sir, for being in a hurry.

CRUMB. Hold your tongue! fetch my carpet bag—be quick!

MIFF. As a lamplighter, sir. Hop, step, and jump, and I'm there. (*takes three jumping steps across the stage, and exits, R.*)

CRUMB. I should imagine that fellow aspires to play Harlequin; but he is tolerably honest, therefore I keep him.

Enter MIFFINS, R., with carpet bag.

Now follow me to the station; then return here directly.

Exit, L.

MIFF. Yes, sir. (*strides very absurdly across the stage, and exit, L.*)

Enter POPPET, R., with a broom and duster.

POP. Heigho! here begins my day's fagging—I shall have such a benefit of dusting and scouring. Oh, don't I wish that soap, flannel, and scrubbing brushes had never been invented. Here comes Aunt Bounce to worry me.

Enter MRS. BOUNCE, L.

MRS. B. Well, Poppet, what are you doing here?

POP. Can't you see, aunt? I'm a doing nothing!

MRS. B. Nothing! That's what you're mostly about; come, set to work—your master is gone out.

POP. Out! What, Mr. Crumbsqueeze, and left the house behind him!

MRS. B. He may not return for a week.

POP. And then see, Aunt Bounce, if I don't enjoy myself a bit. (*flings down the broom and seats herself, R.*) Leastways, I'll take a holiday to-day—I am tired already with dry rubbing the hall and staircase.

MRS. B. (*sits down, L.*) And for the matter of that, so am I.

Re-enter MIFFINS, L.

Well, Miffins, is he gone?

MIFF. Yes, the train was just coming up as I left the station. (*sits on table, C.*) Now, Mrs. Bounce, what shall us do by way of a treat? I ain't going to dig in the garden all day, I can tell you.

MRS. B. Well, for once in a way I don't mind letting you two have a holiday, if you'll both promise to make up for it to-morrow.

MIFF. } (*both rise and point to the ceiling*) We promise!

POP. }

MRS. B. In that case, the first thing we must do is to dine; after that, Miffins, you shall run up to Farmer Oatlands, with my compliments to Mrs. Oatlands and the Miss Oatlands, and I shall be happy to see them at tea to-night, as Mr. Crumbsqueeze has gone out. Now, Poppet, run and lay the cloth, and fetch up the cold mutton.

POP. Cold mutton, aunt—la! can't one have something better?

MIFF. Cold mutton! No disrespect to you, Mrs. Bounce, but really, ma'am, if you feed me on mutton much longer, I shall begin to cry "Baa, baa," every time I open my mouth. (*a loud ring at the bell*) Hallo! who's that ringing at the bell?

MRS. B. Why don't you go and see? (*Exit MIFFINS, L.; MRS. BOUNCE rises*) I daresay it is only some one with a bill or a letter.

EDWARD. (*without, L.*) It is of no consequence, Miffins, *in* I come.

POP. (*looks off, L.*) Why, Aunt Bounce, I do believe that must be Mr. Julius and Mr. Edward. Do I look quite tidy?

MRS. B. Yes, yes, child; is my cap straight?

Enter JULIUS and EDWARD, followed by MIFFINS, L.

Good, morning, gentlemen; what a pity it is that master should be gone to London.

JULIUS. Not a bit, Mrs. Bounce, it is all the pleasanter; we can enjoy ourselves amazingly, so get our rooms ready.

MRS. B. Get your rooms ready! mercy on us, I can't, not when Mr. Crumbsqueeze is from home.

EDWARD. Most respected Mrs. Bounce, what can it signify if my uncle should be *out*? we are decidedly *in*, so bustle about—we intend to remain here a day or two.

MIFF. (*aside to MRS. BOUNCE*) A day or two! what shall we do for the eatables?

MRS. B. I am sure, gentlemen, I am always delighted to see you——

JULIUS. (*interrupting her*) Excellent Mrs. Bounce, I know you are; I said to my brother that you would be transported.

MRS. B. Yes, but you can't stay here.

EDWARD. Oh, but we can; and, Mrs. Bounce, as we have walked over from Oxford this morning we shall want luncheon directly, and then we'll talk to you about dinner.

MRS. B. Luncheon! dinner! and as I hope to be saved not a thing in the house to set before you.

MIFF. (*eagerly*) Oh, yes, Mrs. Bounce, you forget there's a beautiful cold shoulder of mutton.

EDWARD. What, Mrs. Bounce, you were going to refuse us even the cold shoulder! But cold mutton is better than nothing, is it not?

JULIUS. Most certainly; so get it ready directly. Serve it up instanter, pretty Poppet.

POP. Serve it up in where?

JULIUS. Why in here; meantime I shall forage about in the poultry yard, whilst you, Edward, can see what the garden will produce. Now, my dear Mrs. Bounce, you Poppet, and Miffins, it is of no use resisting, here we remain, so run and get everything in readiness for us.

Exeunt JULIUS and EDWARD, L., pushing out MRS. BOUNCE, POPPET, and MIFFINS before them.

Enter CRUMBSQUEEZE cautiously from R., he looks about him.

CRUMB. Unless I am greatly mistaken I saw my two wild young nephews come in; how surprised they will be at my sudden appearance—not a soul has seen me return. Oh, I shall pop upon them in the midst of their carousing. Hush! some of them are coming; I will hide under the table. This cover is fortunately for me so long, that I shall be concealed. *(gets under the table)*

Enter MIFFINS, L., laughing.

MIFF. Ha, ha, ha! I wish old Crumbsqueeze could have a peep at us now; little does he think what is going on. *(CRUMBSQUEEZE peeps at him from under table)* Such a rumpus as those two young gents have been making; surely——

Enter POPPET, L.

Well, what's up now?

POP. *(laughing)* Ha, ha, ha! Miffins, what do you think? Mr. Edward has found out where master puts the key of the cellaret, and he has taken a couple of bottles of the best Port, and you are to go and decant them. Just fancy old Crumbsqueeze's best Port that he grudges himself a glass of.

MIFF. Serve him right! Why there are dozens upon dozens of it hoarded up in the cellar.

POP. And Mr. Julius has routed out the new laid eggs; here he comes along with Aunt Bounce.

Enter MRS. BOUNCE, followed by EDWARD and JULIUS, the latter has a large cucumber, L.

MRS. B. I am sure, young gentlemen, I don't know what master will say to all these goings on in his absence.

JULIUS. If he asks me I shall say, "Serve him right." What business has he to be out, after inviting us to spend the vacation week with him. Here, Poppet, take these lettuces, and this cucumber.

MRS. B. Why, Mr. Julius, you've cut the cucumber that master has been growing for himself. Oh, what a passion he will be in!

EDWARD. What, does uncle Crumbsqueeze fly into a passion about cucumbers; I always imagined that he was as cool as one. In that case I shall trouble Miffins to wring the necks of a couple of fowls, those plump chickens in the poultry yard.

MIFF. Our young Dorkings! You'll excuse me, sir, but who is to bear the blame?

EDWARD. Why the cat of course; Poppet can manage that.

POP. Indeed, Mr. Edward, then I shan't; I'm sure the mischief I have laid to that cat, the things I made out that she stole, they lie on my conscience like lead. No, sir, I will not have those chickens flying in my face.

EDWARD. Then I must turn chicken slayer myself. Mrs. Bounce, you will cook them for us, and also a tart or two.

MRS. B. Oh yes, of course, if you insist upon it I must; but only think of poor dear master.

JULIUS. I promise to think of him, worthy Bounce, and you shall all drink his health in his best wine.

MIFF. Ha, ha, ha! that will be what one may call jolly. Bless you! I'll kill a dozen chickens for you. Lor! how I should like to see old master just now.

(CRUMBSQUEEZE, *who during this speech has crept from under the table, comes behind MIFFINS, and pulls his ear*)

CRUMB. Should you indeed, you rascal!

MIFF. (*staggers back*) Oh, oh! if it isn't master! I'll bolt!

POP. Master! I'll run away.

CRUMB. No, stop, both of you! As to you, Mrs. Bounce, I shall talk to you by-and-bye.

MRS. B. As to that, sir, I am not at all ashamed of myself; I don't creep, and sneak into a room, and hide

myself under tables, and listen to what poor servants are doing. So, sir, if you don't like my plain speaking, I can go.

CRUMB. Very likely, ma'am. As to you, young gentlemen, may I enquire what brought you here?

JULIUS. Our legs in the first instance, then your invitation, uncle. Don't you remember you gave us one at Christmas when you spent five weeks at my father's; so thinking that you would welcome us——

CRUMB. I welcome you? Go along with you!

EDWARD. Yes, uncle, as my brother says, knowing that you would welcome us, here we come, and finding that you were out——

CRUMB. Yes; and I rather think I have found you "out."

EDWARD. Now really, uncle Jeremiah, I blush for you; if you will play at hide and seek, and listen——

CRUMB. And find young gentlemen making themselves at home.

JULIUS. Not another word, uncle Jerry; now do for once make merry at your own expence. I will order the feast, you shall pay for it, and we will all enjoy it.

CRUMB. Well, as you are here, stay; there is no remedy, but for those thieves——

EDWARD. Now to do them justice, they had nothing to do with it, so forget and forgive. Now you three there, look alive. Dinner at four precisely, and mind everything of the best, Mrs. Bounce.

MRS. B. You shall have it, sir; and I am sure that master will enjoy it as much as yourselves.

CRUMB. Shall I, ma'am? that may be doubtful; but ever, while I live, I shall take especial care that no one shall pop in, and turn my house topsy turvy when I am "Out."

EDWARD.
R.

JULIUS.

CRUMB. *

MRS. B.

POP.

MISS.
L.

END OF FIRST SYLLABLE.

SYLLABIE II.—LAW.

 Characters.

MR. PERKFOOT.

MR. DOLDRUM.

SOLOMON.

MRS. DOBBINS.

Modern dresses, suited to the characters and position of the party.

A Room at Mr. Perkfoot's ; Library Table, with Books, Writing Paper, Inkstand, &c. ; Chairs, Doors R. and L.

MR. PERKFOOT is discovered seated in an easy chair, L. of table, his right foot swathed in flannel, resting on a stool ; he wears a dressing gown and smoking cap.

PERK. Ugh ! there's another twinge ; of course I must expect to be laid up for a week. I cannot move from this house or even contrive to hobble into the next room. What will become of business till I am able to look after it ? Here am I, Abel Perkfoot, literally caught by the leg ; I, the sharpest attorney in the town, with the most promising practice. For the inhabitants, to do them justice, are the most quarrelsome in the county ; they are for ever clamouring for justice, and going to law. As a magistrate I listen to their complaints ; as a lawyer I undertake to settle them. It is gratifying to a philanthropist like myself, to find how very profitable the two occupations have proved. But, alas, if I am compelled to sit at home in this way, my office will be deserted ; the clerks will only think of amusing themselves, and my clients will have time to make it up before I can get out again. A very deplorable prospect indeed ! (*rings a hand bell*) Solomon will hear that I suppose.

Enter SOLOMON, L.

SOL. I thought you rang, sir.

PERK. Why to be sure I did. Have you been to the office yet ?

SOL. Just come from it, sir.

PERK. Has any one in particular called?

SOL. Not as I heard on, sir.

PERK. And nothing stirring in the town I am afraid?

SOL. Nothing, sir—oh, yes, I forgot; somebody has broken the handle of Mr. Doldrum's pump.

PERK. Capital! A pump incapacitated for performing its duty will necessitate an enquiry that may lead to a dispute. Good! I foresee something will come of this. Does Mr. Doldrum suspect any one?

SOL. Well, sir, I he'erd say, promiscuous like, that he he'erd as how that Mrs. Dobbins know'd something concerning it—that is concerning the pump handle, in course.

PERK. Mrs. Dobbins, one of my best clients, and a woman blessed with a forty-virago power of abuse. Well, Solomon, go on.

SOL. Well, you see Mrs. Dobbins has had a spite against Mr. Doldrum, so they say, because his boy happened to pump some water over her new silk dress; and people did say that she said she ~~would~~ serve him out, and so she has.

PERK. She is sure to be here; or I am greatly mistaken in my valuable client. Solomon bring me my Burn's Justice.

SOL. What, the big book? there it is, sir. (*aloud knock L.*)

PERK. Run, Solomon, run! that must be Mrs. Dobbins—shew her in here. (*Exit SOLOMON, L.*) This quarrel must lead to a tidy little action for slander, and perhaps for assault and battery; it will be quite reviving, and will do me more good than all the colchicum in Drench's shop.

Enter SOLOMON, showing in MRS. DOBBINS, L.

SOL. Mrs. Dobbins.

Exit SOLOMON, L.

MRS. D. Well, Mr. Perkfoot!

PERK. Ah, Mrs. Dobbins, good morning! pray be seated;—excuse my rising, but the gout is to blame for my seeming rudeness to a lady. Now, Mrs. Dobbins, in what way can I serve you?

MRS. D. (*R. of table*) Well, Mr. Perkfoot, I have come to you for justice, you being a magistrate; and if I can't have justice, why then I will have law; so there you have it.

PERK. Admirably expressed, Mrs. Dobbins; you infer there is not only a distinction, but also a difference between justice and law.

MRS. D. Ah! there's no occasion to tell me *that*, Mr. Perkfoot, justice is justice; but law is law; and they must rise very early that come over me.

PERK. I am well aware of that, Mrs. Dobbins; but now, what has happened?

MRS. D. You may well ask that, it is Mrs. Stuckup again.

PERK. Mrs. Stuckup? I beg your pardon, but I do not precisely understand whom you mean.

MRS. D. Of course I mean David Doldrum's wife, who else but her, with her airs and graces; and with all that, my lady actually goes to church in a turned silk, and I can prove it.

PERK. But that I presume, is not the cause of your present visit to me.

MRS. D. Well, sir, it has something to do with it. You must know, Mr. Perkfoot, that about a month ago——

PERK. Well, my dear madam, what about a month ago?

MRS. D. Well, sir, about a month ago——(*a loud knock, L.*) That's David Doldrum, I bet a guinea. Now, Mr. Perkfoot, don't you believe a word he says.

PERK. But, my dear madam, if he comes to me for justice!

MRS. D. Justice! and I, sir, come to you for law?

Enter SOLOMON, showing in MR. DOLDRUM, L.

SOL. Mr. David Doldrum.

Exit, L.

PERK. Good morning, Mr. Doldrum, pray sit down.

DOLD. Sir, I object to sit down in the presence of that individual.

MRS. D. (*rising*) Individual, sir! do you dare to allude to me as an individual. A lady, sir, if you please; I should think you must know one when you see her.

DOLD. A lady! oh yes, my eyesight is good enough for that, but I don't happen to see a lady just yet, ma'am, in this room.

MRS. D. Insulting object! I despise you! oh if my dear departed Dobbins were but alive now——

DOLD. Don't wish anything so wicked, ma'am; the poor dear soul is at rest at last; you know that you worried him out of the world.

MRS. D. Did I, sir? Mr. Perkfoot, I take you to witness that Mr. Doldrum is accusing me of having made away with my husband. That is slander, and I'll make him remember it. (*cries*)

PERK. My dear madam, Mr. Doldrum will apologise.

DOLD. I will do nothing of the kind; and now, ma'am, perhaps you'll tell me what business you had to destroy the handle of the pump on my premises.

MRS. D. Fellow, I scorn your pump. Perhaps you will tell me how you dared to encourage one of your boys to pump upon the flounce of my new silk dress; a silk, sir, which cost five shillings per yard—yes, sir, besides one pound the making. But some persons whom I could name, can never bear to see others better dressed than themselves. I don't wear shabby silks and dyed satins. I don't sell my old clothes, and half starve the servant maids, and cheat them out of their perquisites; I hope I am above such trumpery as that.

DOLD. Are you, madam? I did hear of a lady who gives only made wines at her parties, and who is obliged to borrow her neighbour's tea spoons on those occasions. Yes, ma'am, and on a certain evening at one of her tip-top tea and turn-out affairs, the two Miss Wiggenses were observed to have but one spoon between them, and that was electro plated, and they were actually stirring their coffee by turns. Rather mysterious where the odd spoon could be!

MRS. D. Oh, not in the least, sir; for if you were of the party, an *odd spoon* could easily be discovered. You had only to look in the glass and you would have seen it.

DOLD. (*in a rage*) Mr. Perkfoot, Mr. Perkfoot! you hear that aspersion? It is actionable, and I'll have the law of her.

PERK. Now, my dear friends, it strikes me that you are both a little hasty. (*aside*) I must not offend either.

DOLD. I demand satisfaction, Mrs. Dobbins; I can prove an assault against you, ma'am. You not only injured the pump, for it *was* you and no other who did so;

but you had the temerity to say you would punch my son's head.

MRS. D. And serve him right if I did! Pray, are new silk dresses to be pumped on by the like of you? Mr. Perkfoot, I appeal to you for justice.

PERK. But consider, my dear madam; and you too, Mr. Doldrum!

DOLD. Sir, I have considered; and I shall at once bring an action against Mrs. Dobbins!

MRS. D. Bring it! bring it! bring it! I shall glory in it, sir. But you, sir, have defamed me! Yes, Mr. Doldrum; I can bring actions as well—an action for defamation. Mr. Perkfoot heard you, sir, as well as me.

PERK. No, no! indeed, Mrs. Dobbins, I really heard nothing. (*aside*) I am of opinion that there will be a regular rumpus.

MRS. D. You didn't hear? then I beg leave to differ with you in opinion! If you don't choose to be employed by me, there are others in the town, who will be glad enough to take my money. So, sir, if I can't have justice—thank my stars, I can go to law! *Exit, L.*

DOLD. (*calling after her*) So can I, ma'am, as you will find, to your cost; and if you come to money, ma'am, I am as good as you, any day! Mr. Perkfoot, since, as a magistrate, you decline interfering—I can go elsewhere for advice! I wish you good morning, sir. *Exit, L.*

PERK. Confound the two simpletons! there goes twenty pounds, at least, out of my pocket. Now, if I could but have seen each of them separately, I might have contrived to cajole them both—as it is, I have lost two clients.

Enter SOLOMON, L., laughing.

Why, Solomon, what is the matter with you?

SOL. Oh, lor! I shall never have done laughing. What do you think, sir?

PERK. What do I think? Why, that you are a fool?

SOL. Like enough, sir; but there be greater ones in the world. Ha, ha!

PERK. Don't stand hee-hawing there, you donkey!

SOL. I can't help it, sir! It's all about Mr. Doldrum's pump.

PERK. Hang Mr. Doldrum and his pump. Whataboutit?

SOL. It has never been broken at all. Ha, ha, ha!

PERK. Nevertheless, the handle is gone.

SOL. The handle. Yes! Putty, the plumber's man took it off, because they had ordered a new one. Ha, ha, ha!

PERK. So that is the end of the affair; an action of assault and battery, with a vengeance! I should like to see Doldrum's face when he learns that news. Ha, ha, ha! I wish both those two noodles joy—I wonder what they will go to law for now?

SOL. Lor, sir—and so do I!

PERK. Particularly as Mrs. Dobbins so emphatically declared, that justice might be justice; but law was law.

END OF THE SECOND SYLLABLE.

THE WORD.—OUTLAW.

Characters.

MR. PENGGOOSE.

THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER.

MRS. PENGGOOSE.

CLEMENTINA TIBBS, *Ward of Penggoose.*

PATTY, *her Maid.*

[Costumes—Modern.]

SCENE.—*An Apartment in Mr. Penggoose's Villa, near the Seaside. Tables, chairs, &c. ; window in background.*

Enter MR. and MRS. PENGGOOSE, L.

MRS. P. But my dear Pen.

PEN. Goose, ma'am—*Penggoose*; give me my full name, if you please.

MRS. P. Well then, *Penggoose*, my dear, now what occasion is there to put yourself out of temper for nothing?

PEN. Do you call it nothing to have the whole of one's domestic arrangements upset, as I may say. Now, Dolly, have either you or I had the least comfort since that romantic young lady, Miss Clementina Tibbs, my ward, has been domesticated under our roof.

MRS. P. I must own the young lady has very odd ways.

PEN. Odd ways! I believe, Dolly, that she is qualifying herself for a lunatic asylum; and though I have full control over her money till she is five-and-twenty, the law gives her full liberty to make a fool of herself since she is legally of age. Now her father, my late partner, Alexander Tibbs, had long cherished the idea that his daughter should marry Edward Higgins, the son of his early benefactor.

MRS. P. Well, Pengoose, what says the young lady to this arrangement?

PEN. She opposes it *in toto*—vows that if I force her even to see the young fellow she will “take the veil of night and fly from his hated presence.”

MRS. P. Why what on earth can she mean by such nonsense?

PEN. I presume that she intends to cut off somewhere by the next train; so in order to keep her quiet, I must let that proposal drop. But what else could one expect from a girl whose head is full of absurd romances and trashy poetry; whose sole ambition is to be a heroine. I am not quite sure but that Edward Higgins will be a lucky fellow to escape marriage with her. I don't think that my young lady could sew on a shirt button to save her life.

MRS. P. No, Pengoose; and as to ordering a dinner, lud a mercy! I believe the poor child imagines that legs of mutton and rounds of beef grow ready cooked! Well, well, we must hope that she will know better.

PEN. Whenever she does, my dear Dolly, I shall expect the moon to fall. But I must apologise by letter to young Higgins, for begging him to put off his visit here. You are aware that we sent him an invitation, and he was to have arrived here to-day.

MRS. P. Then you mean to say that Mr. Higgins is not coming at all. What a pity! why—what has he done to offend her?

PEN. Nothing, except having the not very elegant name of Higgins, which after all is not high treason.

MRS. P. Higgins is quite as pretty as Tibbs. Well, Pengoose, I shall leave you to talk with the young lady; for as I am only a very plain body, I never understand half the time what she is talking about.

Exit, L.

PEN. I don't think that Miss Clementina knows herself what she means.

Enter CLEMENTINA, reading, R.

Oh! here she comes absorbed in her book. Good morning, Miss Tibbs.

CLEM. Tibbs! odious name! I detest the sound of it. I implore of you, Mr. Pengoose, never address me by that vulgar appellation.

PEN. My dear Miss Clementina, if you so violently object to the name of Tibbs, why not change it?

CLEM. Change it for that of Higgins, I presume? Perish the ignoble thought! I would die, sir, ere I would be addressed as Mrs. Higgins! It is plebeian in the extreme: and then it rhymes to so many ridiculous words, Tiggins, Piggings, Diggings, Wiggings, Stiggings! No, Mr. Pengoose, if I cannot bestow my hand and fortune on a nobleman, I can select some one with a more aristocratic name than Higgins. (*sits L. of table*)

PEN. Every one to their taste, my dear Miss Tibbs.

CLEM. Tibbs! oh, not that name, I implore you!

PEN. Miss Clementina, I humbly beg your pardon, and I take my leave. (*aside*) If now, there were schools in which common sense was warranted to be taught, that young lady ought to go there. *Exit, L.*

CLEM. What a very inferior intellect my worthy guardian must have. Heigho! I am very dull here, in spite of all the charming books I have been devouring with impunity since I came to this stupid place. It certainly is a picturesque spot; just calculated for the scene of a romantic incident. But who could be romantic in the society of such twaddles as Mr. and Mrs. Pengoose? I sometimes doubt, if I, with my refined sentiments, can really be the daughter of plain John Tibbs. I have read in that charming weekly publication, the Cabinet of Romance, that children have sometimes been changed at nurse. Yes, Florismonda, in the Mysterious Godmother, was brought up at a charity school, and then discovered to be the daughter of an Italian Prince, and an English Duchess! Oh, what would I not give to be able to prove that I was a changeling, the scion of some noble

house! Let me see; a De St. Clair—a Fitz Julian, or some such beautiful name. I should not mind living for a month on bread and water, and even mending my old stockings; and who ever heard of such a thing as a heroine darning her hose.

Enter PATTY, L., with a load of books piled in front of her.

Well, Patty, there you are at last; what have you been able to get for me?

PATTY. I should say I have brought half the circulating library with me. My! how my arms do ache! (*puts books on table and lets several of them fall*)

CLEM. Oh, Patty, Patty, you careless girl! you have knocked down that darling old English Baron, The Castle of Otranto, and Sebastian Sebastiano, or the Young Protector. What have you done with the Children of the Abbey?

PATTY. They ought to be there, miss.

CLEM. But they are not here.

PATTY. Then as sure as a gun, I must have dropped those two blessed children somewhere on the road. But la, miss, never mind them now! I have had quite a what-do-you-call-it, ma'am.

CLEM. What may that happen to be, Patty?

PATTY. Why, an adventure, miss; and there's a young gentleman in it.

CLEM. A young gentleman? Oh, tell me all about it!

PATTY. Well, miss, as I was coming over the meadows from the High Street with those books, who should I come bolt up against but such a dashing young gentleman, just like those you read to me about.

CLEM. And what happened next, Patty?

PATTY. Why, miss, he nearly knocked me down; but then he begged my pardon, and asked me if I lived here. When I said yes, I lived at Hawthorn Villa, and pointed to this house, he gave such a start, like that man in the play; and then he said in such a sweet voice, "Tell me, do you know who that lovely young creature is that resides there?" Of course I said you were my young mistress. Just then, he turned round suddenly and exclaimed, "Perdition! I am pursued! Where, oh where can I fly for safety?" and off he ran. Wasn't that romantic, miss?

CLEM. It was charming! exactly like the captive knight in the Black Bandit of Bohemia; or the young Troubadour in the haunted cavern of Calabria. But then what did he say next?

PATTY. Well, miss, he darted over the hedge before you could say Jack Robinson. (*goes to window*) Oh dear, I do believe he is coming this way.

CLEM. (*rises and goes to window*) There certainly is a gentleman rushing across the lawn. Ha! he stops, he gazes wildly round him, he waves his hand in a menacing attitude. He draws a stiletto he——oh, Patty, support me, I shall faint. (*sinks into chair*)

PATTY. Oh don't faint, miss, if you please. I believe the young gentleman is safe; he is by the fish-pond, he looks at it, runs toward it, starts, and don't jump in. Why if he isn't coming here.

CLEM. (*starts up*) What, into this house, Patty? Dear dear! and how I have tumbled my dress, and my hair is all in disorder. I look a perfect fright.

PATTY. Miss, you look quite angelic; hush, hush! I hear a scuffle.

CLEM. He is in danger, pursued doubtless by relentless foes, and he flies to us for safety and concealment.

PATTY. Oh what fun, miss; we shall have to pop him into the cupboard.

CLEM. Pop him into a cupboard! did one ever hear of a hero being popped into a cupboard. Oh, that I could but discover some sliding panel, some secret passage.

(*hurried music. The STRANGER rushes in at door, L. he is enveloped in a large cloak, wears a sombrero hat; he locks the door, and then throws himself in chair, R. of table. CLEMENTINA and PATTY retreat to L.*)

STRANGER. (*rising hastily, throws off his coat and hat*) Safe—safe from my pursuers. (*perceives CLEMENTINA*) Heavens! is it, can it be reality?

CLEM. (L. C.) Oh, Patty, I am so agitated, so flurried!

PATTY. (L.) And I am quite flabbergasted, miss.

STRANGER. Fair creature, you will not betray me.

PATTY. Oh, miss, he calls us fair creatures, how funny!

CLEM. Hush, Patty. Sir, we would not betray you for worlds, here you are safe.

STRANGER. I felt secure, madam, the instant I beheld those lovely features. You are indeed my guardian angel, the preserver of the hapless Theodore.

PATTY. Theodore! la, miss, he must be the young gentleman out of the Castle of Otranto.

CLEM. Theodore did you say, sir?

STRANGER. Yes, celestial being, the unhappy Theodore de—de—— but let my name remain unknown. (*aside*) Confound it, I can't think of a high sounding bombastic title.

CLEM. Ah! you said Theodore de—Oh! confide in me?

STRANGER. (*bows*) Theodore de Fitz Albyn de Spadarini, whom relentless fate is pursuing, in the hated form of two inquisitors, disguised like policemen.

CLEM. Ah! then you are in danger?

STRANGER. Unless, angelic object, you will consent to conceal me in your bower chamber here, my life is perilled. In me, you behold the victim of oppression. The haughty tyrant, the implacable foe of my noble house, not content with having brewed—no, I mean *imbrued* his hands in the blood of my noble parents, and my five beauteous sisters, caused me to be flung into a loathsome dungeon, from which I only escaped by a miracle.

CLEM. A miracle did you say, sir?

STRANGER. Yes; that is, through the intervention of a faithful and attached domestic, a very miracle of fidelity and of valour! He, by dint of bribing my jailors, and stabbing my guards, effected my deliverance—We hastened to the sea shore, where a boat awaited us, rowed by some of the trusty retainers of our noble house! there I mounted my fleet steed——

PATTY. La, sir, did you ride on horseback on board ship?

STRANGER. No! I was about to observe that I sprang into the boat and was rowed to a fleet vessel, manned by a devoted crew—I escaped; but, alas! only to fall into still worse captivity. We were attacked by Algerine pirates; regardless of danger, we fought to the very last—till, overpowered by numbers, we fell; but not till we set fire to the powder magazine; which, of course, exploded, and—and we were blown to atoms. (*hides his face in his hands*)

CLEM. Oh, horror! horror!

PATTY. Oh dear me, how did you get put together again, sir?

STRANGER. I alone was saved; of all my brave deliverers not a vestige remained. I swam to shore, and made my way, on foot, through Europe. But, alas! fate—stern fate, still persecuted me! I was tracked by two officers of the Inquisition, whose keen eyes penetrated this disguise; they have discovered me—I shall again be consigned to the horrors of a dungeon! (*aside*) What a yarn! Munchausen was truth compared to me.

CLEM. Fear nothing! no power on earth shall force you hence! Of what crime do they accuse you?

STRANGER. Of none, save that of patriotism—for which I am now doomed to be an exile and an outlaw.

PATTY. Oh, how interesting.

CLEM. An outlaw! Is it possible, sir, that you are an outlaw? Oh how I have always longed to behold one.

STRANGER. Your wish is gratified! But, alas! when I ponder on my untoward fate—my hapless lot! when I remember that I, Count Theodore, have lost all——

CLEM. Oh, Patty; he is a Count! Count Theodore, fear not; your name shall remain a secret. Torture itself shall not force it from me.

STRANGER. I trust that the precautions I have observed may throw my enemies off their guard—for in order the more completely to deceive them, I have laid aside my patronymic of De Spadarini, and have assumed the surname of Smith; a name I believe common to this country, which was my sainted mother's native land. (*aside*) Come, I have spoken the truth there.

CLEM. Count Theodore de Fitzalbyn De Spadarini—the humble Clementina will be your protectress.

STRANGER. (*kneeling, kisses her hand*) Fair enchantress, henceforth, if you will accept my homage—the heart—the hand, the—life of an exiled outlaw, shall be devoted to you.

PATTY. Why, Miss—he is actually making you an offer.

CLEM. Oh, Patty, is not this delightful; a real Count kneeling to me. Rise, Count Theodore! (*loud knock at door, L.*) Oh, what noise is that?

STRANGER. (*springs up*) My relentless pursuers! Ha, they come!—they come! (*aside*) And just in time.

CLEM. Fear not, Count; hide for a while in this room.
(*opens door, L.*) No one will dare to enter—it is my study.

PATTY. Oh, pray, sir! run in there.

STRANGER. But should you, gentle creatures, endanger yourselves——

PATTY. I should like to see an officer of the Inquisition daring to attack me—I'd box his ears for him, like a free born Englishman, which I am proud to say I am.

PENGGOOSE. (*outside, L.*) Miss Tibbs, Miss Tibbs! open the door, directly.

STRANGER. Tibbs, Tibbs!—Who is that?

PATTY. Oh, if you please, sir, I am Tibbs, and that is Mr. Pengoose at the door.

CLEM. Mr. Pengoose, my implacable guardian. Count, hide instantly, I conjure you!

STRANGER. Divine Clementina; I obey you. *Exit door, R.*

PEN. (*outside, L.*) I insist on coming in. (CLEMENTINA *sinks into chair, R.*)

PATTY. Don't speak a word, ma'am—chambermaids, you know, always get ladies out of a scrape. La, sir, what a noise you are making. (*unlocks door, L.*) The door is open.

Enter MR. and MRS. PENGGOOSE, L.

PEN. (*looks about him*) I certainly heard a man's voice h ; didn't you my dear?

MRS. P. Most assuredly I did, my love.

PATTY. It's me, sir. (*in a gruff voice*) I'm rather hoarse to-day.

PEN. Indeed! your hoarseness has come on very suddenly. But it was a man's voice, a decided deep-toned voice; now you, Patty, squeak like a penny whistle—Ha, what do I behold! Look, Mrs. Pengoose, there. (*points to hat and cloak*)

MRS. P. A hat and cloak, my dear, as I live!

CLEM. (*rising*) Yes, ma'am, they are mine.

PATTY. Yes, sir, they are ours.

PEN. (*taking up hat*) Yours? you don't wear brown wideawakes, nor buy them at Lincoln and Bennet's.*
(*throws hat on table*)

* Substitute the name of a local hatter.

MRS. P. (*takes up cloak*) No, Miss Tibbs, nor do you wear broadcloth cloaks made by a tailor, and—— Oh, Pengoose, here are a couple of cigars in the pocket. (*throws cloak on chair, R.*)

PEN. The miscreant must be concealed in that room ; but I shall find him. (CLEMENTINA and PATTY throw themselves before the door) Monster ! traitor ! come forth.

CLEM. Oh, Mr. Pengoose, spare him ! spare the unhappy Theodore—the noble outlaw.

PEN. (*pulls them both from door, L.*) An outlaw ! It is my duty to deliver him up to justice. Villain, come forth !

Opens door, R., the STRANGER enters.

Come forth. (*drags him forward*) Why, is it—no—yes—why, Charles Higgins ! Ha, ha, ha ! is it you ?

CHARLES. No other, I assure you, sir.

CLEM. Higgins ? no, it cannot be ! he is Count Theodore.

PEN. Count Fiddle-de-dee ! not a bit of it, Miss Tibbs. Allow me to introduce my young friend Mr. Higgins.

CHARLES. Who, by the help of a few flowery speeches, has really personated an outlaw very creditably. Mr. Pengoose, I return your carving knife, it did duty as a stiletto admirably. (*puts carving knife on table*)

CLEM. (*in tears*) It is shameful—shameful ! So you have all been imposing on me ; and you are not an outlaw, no, nor yet a count ; you are only Mr.—Mr.—Mr. Hig—Hig—Higgins. (*cries*) And I let you make love to me, and there's not a bit of romance about you.

PATTY. Oh, what a disappointment ! I could cry my eyes out.

CHARLES. Really, Patty, that would be a great pity, for they are very pretty eyes. Come, Miss Tibbs, forgive the harmless trick ; I am sorry for your sake that I am not a count, but a plain everyday person ; my sole aim in this little plot has been to show you the folly of such very romantic notions. I trust that as Charles Higgins, I may claim your acquaintance, for here I resign my character of an "Outlaw."

R. PATTY. CLEM. CHARLES. MRS. P. PEN. L.

CHARADE THE THIRD

THE WORD.—SLEEPING-DRAUGHT.

SYLLABLE, I., II.—SLEEPING.

Characters.

KING BABBI BUNTING, *a Monarch of all he surveys; but being near-sighted, his views are limited.*

LORD EASYMAN EVERYWHERE, *Chamberlain-in-Chief, and Confidant Extraordinary to the King.*

THE QUEEN DOBBINARISKO.

THE PRINCESS FRISCATELLA, *Heiress Apparent.*

LORDS, LADIES, GUARDS, *to any amount.*

PRINCE ADORINO, *Heir Apparent to King Somebody in the Realms of Dreamland.*

THE FAIRY FAIRLOCKS, *A very benevolent Sprite.*

THE FAIRY ELFCAT, *A very malevolent Sprite.* } *Immortals.*

Time of Action, in the dark ages, when gas lay dormant, and steam slumbered in its cradle. A hundred years are supposed to have elapsed during this first part.

Costumes.

KING.—Velvet robe; embroidered shirt; scarlet tights; gilt buskins; crown.

LORD E.—Red doublet; parti-coloured tights; cloak; boots with pointed toes; turban hat; sword, &c.

LORDS.—The same, of divers colours.

PRINCE.—Satin shirt; silk tights; ankle boots; embroidered round cap.

QUEEN.—Robe; embroidered merino dress; hair in two long tails; crown, &c.

PRINCESS.—White merino or satin, richly embroidered with gold; long hair; coronet.

FAIRLOCKS.—Tasteful Titania dress; light and long hair; wand, &c.

ELFCAT.—Black and silver dress; long straight hair.

LADIES OF THE COURT.—Handsome embroidered dresses.

SCENE FIRST.—*A chamber in the Palace of King Babbi Bunting, where everything is prepared for a grand banquet. The QUEEN, and LADIES discovered.*

Song.—QUEEN.—*Air, "The Dusty Miller."*

Ladies, tell me where is gone King Babbi Bunting.
Is he gone a fishing? Is he gone a hunting?
For the feast's prepared; and I'm in a bother,
Lest quite unawares, should come the fair godmother.

LADIES, *in grand chorus.*

Fol de rol de rol, fol de rol de ride'o!

Cheer up, and hearty be; and your feelings smother.

QUEEN. Smother my feelings—cheer up, and be hearty!

Ladies, you never gave a dinner party;
Never felt nervous lest the joints be spoiled—
The sauces burnt—the melted butter oiled;
The soup and fish, a tasteless watery mash,
And the best *chaney* gone to *tarnal* smash.

(horn without, L.)

What's that? The railway 'bus! As sure as fate,
The fairy godmother is at the gate;
And no one to receive her. Rage! despair!
Say! shall I faint? or simply tear my hair?

Enter LORD EASYMAN EVERYWHERE, L.

Ha! your tidings give, Lord Easyman Everywhere.

LORD E. *(kneels)* Your Majesty! His Majesty sends me
before,

To say, he met the fairy at the door—
And here he comes! *(rises)*

QUEEN. One of you go quickly, tell
The cook to dish up and then sound the bell.

Exit LADY, R.

Enter KING, *leading* FAIRY FAIRLOCKS, L.

KING. Fairy, this is the proudest moment of my life!

Allow me to present my royal wife,
Who joins with me most heartily to pray,
Your fairyship, a day or two will stay.

FAIR. I thank you, king, but in my distant bower
 There's none to whom I delegate my power.
 I must away, or else my royal cousin,
 Elfcat, who has the spite of half-a-dozen.
 Will give my pretty sylphs a famous rating.
 I hope I have not kept the dinner waiting.

QUEEN. Oh no, ma'am, not at all. Pray take a chair ;
 Doubtless your rapid journey through the air
 Has given you an appetite. Our humble fare
 Will soon be served.

(they sit at table—ATTENDANTS bring in banquet, R.)

KING. But where's our royal daughter ?
 Has nobody been and gone and sought her ?

QUEEN. Methinks I hear her silver dulcet tones——

PRINCESS. *(without R., very loudly)* Now don't you, nurse,
 just let me alone !

KING. I should not wish your majesty to nettle ;
 But really brass, not silver, seems the metal.
 And though not gifted with much power of song,
 'Tis evident our daughter's lungs are strong.
(a loud knock, without, L., then a ring)
 A double knock, and were there such a thing,
 I'd also say a very double ring.

Enter ATTENDANT, L.

ATTENDANT. The fairy Elfcat.

QUEEN. Then as I'm a sinner,
 That odious sprite is coming here to dinner.

Enter FAIRY ELFCAT, L.

ELFCAT. Yes, madam, here am I ; I'd have you know,
 And come to dinner too.

KING. Exactly so.

I'm sure, your fairyship, we're quite delighted.

ELFCAT. How comes it then that I was not invited ?

'Tis sixteen years to-day since last we met.

FAIR. Then, cousin, you were in a dreadful pet,
 If I mistake not—nay, there was a rumour
 Of—no matter—I hope you are in a better humour.

ELFCAT. Madam, I scorn the base insinuation !
 You are—but I won't descend to altercation.

And you, King Babbi Bunting, long shall rue,
The slights and insults, I have met from you!
That christening party, where Fairlocks was fêted,
And dined off plate; *mine* was electro-plated.

QUEEN. I am sure, madam, it was never intended,
That your fairyship should be offended.

FAIR. Come, cousin, lay your grievance on the shelf.

ELFCAT. Confine your observations to yourself.

And as you're here, ma'am, you had best contrive
How you can keep your goddaughter alive.
You'll need to be uncommon cute and clever;
If you would baffle me——

QUEEN. Oh, did one ever!

My pretty poppet; my Friscateila!

I shall faint! (*to LORD EASYMAN*) Why don't you
Catch me fellow? (*falls very heavily against LORD*
EASYMAN)

KING. My daughter, must she die! Oh, agony of grief!
Dear one!—where is our royal handkerchief?

ELFCAT. Weep and lament the hour she was born in—
When you offended me; and now good morning!

Exit, L.

FAIR. Your majesties cheer up! Don't take on so;

She said the same just sixteen years ago!

When her ill nature marred the festive scene,

And I was out of sight behind the screen.

If you remember then I promised aid.

No harm shall happen to the artless maid!

This very day my spiteful coz shall find;

My spells completely puzzle her weak mind!

But now, good sir, and madam, follow me,

And you shall quickly see—what you shall see!

Exit R., followed by KING, QUEEN, and COURTIERs, to
the air of—"Follow, follow over mountain."

SCENE SECOND.—*An old-fashioned Apartment in the*
Palace, looking remarkably dull, and a trifle dingy.

Enter ELFCAT, L., in a large cloak, with a hood—she
carries a spindle.

ELFCAT. King Babbi Bunting, now the time is coming,
But not a good one, sir; for here I summon,

Each evil spirit that owns my potent sway,
 To aid my purpose, and my will obey.
 Methinks I hear a getting up of stairs!
 'Tis the young Princess coming unawares,
 Poor child to meet her doom! The spell's beginning.
 Now to appear a good old granny spinning!

*Gets a chair, sits, conceals her face in the hood, and
 plies the spindle. Music.—“The Young Man
 from the Country.”*

Enter PRINCESS, R.—she advances to centre.

*Song.—PRINCESS—Air, “A Young Man from the
 Country.”*

When but a little baby, my nursemaid used to say,
 That in my coach and six I should ride out every day,
 And be a queen with golden crown; but better far told me
 That a young prince from the country would come and
 marry me.

Oh, many years have passed since then, in spite of what
 they say;

Fine gentlemen are rarities we don't see every day.
 I'm weary of old lords in wigs, and dames of high
 degree;

Why does the charming prince delay, who is to marry me?
 Oh, young prince from the country, why don't you come
 to me? (ELFCAT coughs.)

PRINCESS. Dear me, what a funny noise! 'tis that old body.
 Did one ever! What a droll hoddy-doddy.

ELFCAT. (*in a trembling voice*) Good morning, pretty lady.

PRINCESS. Good morning, ma'am. Oh, dear,
 What funny thing is that you're handling here?

ELFCAT. A spindle, pretty miss, for spinning.

PRINCESS. Lud, how I
 Should like to have it. Goody, let me try

If I a thread as even and as fine
 Can draw; I'll bet a penny, dame, that mine
 Will be as good as yours, at any time.

(*she begins to spin*) If prize for skill they gave I should
 have won it. (*hurts her hand, screams, lets the
 spindle drop*)

ELFCAT. What is it, lady?

PRINCESS. I've been and gone and done it. (*faints on a chair*)

ELFCAT. You have indeed, my pretty princess, rather.

Here'll be a sight to greet a tender father.

Ha, he comes! so, Elfcats, ere it be too late,

Our royal self will now obsquatulate. *Exit, R.*

Music.—Enter KING, QUEEN, and COURTIERs, preceded by FAIRLOCKS, L.

Song, by everybody. Air—Lucy Long.

KING. Something to my daughter has fallen that's amiss.

QUEEN. Oh, child, why don't you answer? where are you hiding, miss?

FAIR. In vain you call upon her, for if you only see,
You'll find that, on my honour, as mutton, dead
is she.

Grand chorus accompanied by demonstrative shakings of pocket handkerchiefs.

Oh deary me! good gracious; oh, lawk adaisy me;
The Princess Friscatella, is dead as dead can be.

FAIR. But don't despair; I think I can contrive O,
Again to make my god-daughter alive O.
But, first a hundred years must pass away,
Then she will waken up as young and gay
As now; but lest the Princess should feel strange,
Nothing around her in the least shall change.
Your majesties and courtiers; on with nightcaps,
And for a century indulge in light naps.

(*she waves her wand, every one pulls out of a pocket either a night cap or a pocket handkerchief which they tie over their heads*)

FAIRLOCKS (*in recitative, if possible*)

Little mouse, grey, brown, and white,
Tabby cat, with coat of silk,
Cake nor tit-bit dare to bite,
Pilfer not or cream or milk.

Fire, let not coal or cinder
 Burn the roast nor spoil the stews,
 Or scorch the pasties to a cinder,
 While cook and turnspit soundly snooze.
 Wag not, tail of snow-white poodle;
 Pretty Poll must silent be,
 Nor cockatoo cry cock-a-doodle
 For at least a century.
 No sound be heard, in their repose,
 Save the music of each nose.
 But all in gentle slumber lie,
 Lulled by their own melody.

During this speech every one except FAIRLOCKS has dropped off to sleep, in various attitudes and then commence to snore—the scene closes on them to the air of—“We’re a noddin!” leaving FAIRLOCKS in front by herself.

SCENE THIRD.—*A Glade in a Forest.*

FAIR. Now having sent my characters to sleep,
 Imagine that we take a sudden leap
 O’er time. A hundred years are numbered,
 And for a century suppose they’ve slumbered;
 For hither comes the Prince, the royal swain,
 Who is to waken her to life again! *(she retires, L.)*

Enter PRINCE ADORINO, R.

PRINCE. Thus far I’ve tracked the path, and made my way,
 ’Tis not so pleasant, quite, as making hay
 In sunny breezy weather. This must be
 The very spot they pointed out to me,
 Where safely guarded by most potent spells,
 A captive fair—a sleeping beauty dwells.
 A hundred winters must have shed their snows,
 Frozen the earth, and pinched full many a nose;
 A hundred springs have showered down their rains,
 As many summers decked the smiling plains,
 And golden autumns; long ’ere I was born;
 Have heard the reaper’s song, and hunter’s horn!
 While Courtiers, King and Queen, a sound nap take.
 What fearful guys they’ll seem when they awake!

In knickerbockers were their dandies seen?
 And did the ladies wear such crinoline
 As now they do? In short, I'd like to know,
 How people dressed, one hundred years ago.

FAIR. (*advances*) Your wish, young Prince, I've heard;
 perhaps, that I,
 Your curiosity can gratify.

You sing of course; but why ask that of you?
 'Tis what a lover in burlesque *must* do.

Propound your queries to any air you know.

PRINCE. "The days when we went gipsying a long time ago."

Duett.—PRINCE and FAIRLOCKS.

In days of yore to people known, as once upon a time,
 When folks were all so very slow, and chivalry sublime.
 'Ere gentlemen had yet begun to smoke, but in its stead,
 The stalwart warriors poked their fun at everybody's head.
 What could our worthy ancestors, poor souls, offashion know,
 In those dim ages, when they lived, a hundred years ago.

FAIR. Upon my word, young gentleman, I'll answer if I can;
 Tho' unaccustomed to converse with such a fast young man.

Old times are changed since then, I ween!

Instead of volunteers!

Our bowmen wore the Lincoln green,

Our soldiers poised the spears.

Tho' rifles, balls, percussion caps;

Unknown were then, indeed,

Our marksmen hit, at what they aimed,

Nor shot poor dogs instead!

The cloth yard shaft in yoeman's hand,

Struck terror to the foe;

And English hearts were much the same,

One hundred years ago!

PRINCE. Ah, very true; but—a—really—*entre nous*!

I don't, 'pon honour, see what I'm to do.

FAIR. Observe, where yon tall trees o'erarching close.

Go there, and following your noble nose,

You'll find the king and princess, courtiers all,
 Expecting the young man who is to call.
 But as you seem a trifle fagged and weary.
 Heigh! presto! quick!

(waves her wand—scene changes to palace, as before—the PRINCESS is lying on a couch, the rest are grouped in various attitudes as at end of last scene)

Behold your ain, kind deary.

PRINCE. Impossible! it is—no, tish't—yet it may be;
 Why, la! how I have dreamt of that young lady.
 Ma'am, may I venture near and have a peep?
(approaches couch) Bless me, how soundly the dear
 creatures sleep.

Could I but waken her—

FAIR. Here, take this rose,
 And hold it for a moment to her nose.

PRINCE. With hope and fear my blood now burns—now
 freezes.

(holds the rose to PRINCESS) She wakes! she speaks!
(PRINCESS sneezes) Oh, bother! no, she sneezes.
(all the CHARACTERS wake up suddenly)

PRINCESS. *(starts from couch)* Goodness me! who are you,
 sir? where am I?

KING. *(looking round)* Halloa! what means all this? and,
 bye-the-bye,

Who's that young gentleman, may I enquire?

PRINCE. The son and heir, sir, of my royal sire.

FAIR. Look not, oh king, as if you did suspect
 This information to be incorrect.
 Allow me to present you to each other:
 Prince Adonio—Her Majesty the Queen, the mother
 Of this fair Princess—

PRINCE. *(bows)* Delighted, I declare!

FAIR. King Babbi Bunting—Prince Adonio, heir
 To all King Somebody's domains and lands.
 Thus, having done what etiquette demands,
 Just bless the lovers and then join their hands.

KING. Well, if I must, and fate decrees it so,
 My full consent I give.

QUEEN. I give the trousseau.

FAIR. Enough, I'll order out my fairy carriage,
And issue invitations to the marriage.

PRINCESS. Oh, not so fast! after a hundred years,
Just think how antiquated one appears.

I shall want dresses; pray have some compassion,
And let me know what colours are in fashion.

QUEEN. What for a hundred years, then, did we do?

FAIR. Just sleeping, ma'am, and very soundly too.

But we'll defer all further explanation,

I have to make a very brief oration:

The usual tag: but, lest it prove a bore,

We mean to sing it as *The Perfect Cure*.

Concerted Piece.—Air.—The Cure.

FAIR. (*jumping*) First fiddle here I play 'tis clear,

Your plaudits to procure,

And sanction, too, for what we do,

As thus we dance the Cure.

Here, modified and dignified

Our capers are, I'm sure;

And I may, with reason, say,

The real Simon Pure.

The Cure, the Cure, the Cure, the Cure,

In this belief secure,

You'll own our feet in skill compete,

With Mr. Stead's Cure.

(*Chorus, by everybody—jumping*)

The Cure, the Cure, &c.

KING. Though for a king not quite the thing,

Nor pleasant, I assure

For gouty toes; but here I goes,

And must attempt the Cure.

QUEEN. Before he walks away his chinks,

Nay, look not so demure,

For slang, they say, this is the day

With all who dance the Cure.

The Cure, the Cure, the Cure, the Cure,

How long will this endure;

Long years ago we jumped Jim Crow,

And now we jump the Cure.

(*Chorus, as before*)

PRINCE. Allow the Prince, thus to evince,
 Ere he begins his tour,
 His duty true to all of you
 By joining in the cure.

PRINCESS. And ladies fair, and beaux so rare,
 Approval to insure,
 I'll rack my mind, to try and find,
 Another rhyme to Cure.
 The Cure, the Cure, the Cure, the Cure!
 But my invention's poor,
 And I must yield to you the field.
 So thus we end "The Cure."

(Chorus, all jumping, as before)

END OF THE FIRST AND SECOND SYLLABLES.

SYLLABLE III.—DRAUGHT.

Characters.

MR. SQUANDER.

MRS. SQUANDER.

MISS BODKIN.

SARAH, *Servant to the Squanders.*

Costumes of the Day.

SCENE.—*A Room at Mr. Squander's; table, chair.*

SARAH *discovered dusting the furniture.*

SARAH. There, I flatter myself that I have rather astonished the dust, and considerably disturbed the spiders. Now, master and missus may come home as soon as they like from Margate; they will find the house in such nice order. I am sure they must be pleased with every thing. *(knock, L.)* Why, here they are; just in time for dinner!

Runs out L.

Enter SARAH showing in MR. and MRS. SQUANDER, L.
 Yes, sir, everything is quite ready for you.

SQUAN. That's right! Any one called, in particular? Any letters?

SARAH. Yes, sir, lots of letters; but nobody in particular has called, except that funny old gentleman, who always grumbles so, when he dines here. Mr.—Mr.—la, I forget his name. It's fisty something.

MRS. S. She means your old cousin Gripfist. When did he call, Sarah?

SARAH. The very day you left town, ma'am!

MRS. S. That was unlucky! Did he ask any questions?

SARAH. I should think he *did*! How he did pump me, to be sure! Wanted to know where you were gone, and whether I was on board wages! However, I was mighty short with him; told him you were gone out of town to be quiet for the benefit of your health, and that my board wages was nothing to nobody!

MRS. S. Tiresome old fellow! What can it matter to him, I should like to know?

SQUAN. Well, never mind; he will not trouble us with visits for some time; because I hear that he has gone into Wales for six weeks.

SARAH. If you don't want anything else, ma'am, I shall go, and look after the dinner.

MRS. S. Yes, you can go; we shall want dinner at five, precisely. (*Exit SARAH, L.*) Well, Squander, here we are, once more at home; but you do not seem particularly enchanted at returning to your household gods!

SQUAN. Not particularly, my dear; my household gods being in other words—my domestic duns! How tired I am! Hadn't we better sit down? (*they sit, and after a pause*) Did you speak to me, my dear?

MRS. S. No, my love—only what were you saying about duns? such horrid creatures!

SQUAN. Of course they are, my Clementina; but I suppose we must endure them, they are necessary evils.

MRS. S. But with *our* income, Adolphus, we ought to live in some style. Now for instance, love, I spend nothing or next to nothing.

SQUAN. Oh I am not blaming you, to be sure there is a milliner's bill for sixteen pounds.

MRS. S. (*interrupting him*) Adolphus, Adolphus! recollect

that memorandum, that fatal memorandum I discovered in your dressing gown pocket. That supper at Cremorne, and the bal masque—a supper and ball for which you paid twelve pounds, besides fifteen and sixpence for cigars. Now *I* at least have something of money's worth to show, and I think, Adolphus, that no one at Margate had a more select stock of hats and bonnets, or was better dressed than your wife.

SQUAN. Most true, my Clementina ; only as aunt Abigail says——

MRS. S. Your aunt Abigail forsooth ! why surely you don't mean to compare that old-fashioned Abigail Bodkin with *me* ! What can *she* know of dress ? her bonnets must have been in existence before the Great Fire of London, they are such magnified coal scuttles !

SQUAN. Well, don't lose your temper, my love ; because between you and I, I must keep in with aunt Abigail ; she has great influence with cousin Gripfist.

MRS. S. So it appears ; and moreover between him and her, I suspect there is going to be a match ; yes, Adolphus, though Miss Bodkin must be fifty if she is a day ; but rely on it, Adolphus, that woman intends to be Mrs. Timothy Gripfist, she has her basilisk's eye on your cousin's money bags. I wouldn't give much for *your* chance of being his heir.

SQUAN. Well, that may be or not be ; nevertheless I have written to cousin Gripfist, asking him for a loan. Now he is sure to tell Aunt Abigail of my letter, therefore I want you to be vastly civil to her when she does come here.

MRS. S. I will do my best ; but really, Adolphus, you must confess that neither your aunt nor cousin are very agreeable.

SQUAN. Certainly, Miss Squander is not the most charming woman of my acquaintance : and cousin Gripfist, I am aware, murders the Queen's English most terribly, drops his H's, and will persist in making V and W change places in pronunciation. Yet to him have I applied for money.

MRS. S. What have you said to him ?

SQUAN. On this occasion, my love, I have told him I found my health so much impaired, that it was imperative

on me to leave town directly; in fact, that my medical advisers recommended me to try Devonshire—my lungs being affected, and my constitution delicate. (*knock L.*) Who can that be?

MRS. S. It can be no other but that odious Aunt Abigail; she is come for the purpose of peeping and prying. I wish she were at Jericho.

Enter Miss Bodkin, L.

Ah, my dear Miss Bodkin, how very kind of you to call on me so soon. (*they kiss*)

MISS B. Why, you see, my dear Clementina, I was anxious to know how my nephew was. I have had but poor accounts of him from Mr. Gripfist.

MRS. S. Oh, indeed!

SQUAN. You occasionally see cousin Gripfist, aunt?

MISS B. Very often, nephew! Dear Timothy is now gone into Wales.

MRS. S. (*aside*) "Dear Timothy?" The old harpy!

MISS B. And before he left, he made me promise to look after you; particularly as you gave such alarming accounts of your health. I must say, nephew, that, for an invalid, you look remarkably well.

SQUAN. My dear aunt, you ought to know, at your time of life, how very deceitful appearances are.

MISS B. At my time of life? That sir, is a very rude observation!

MRS. B. I am sure Adolphus meant no disrespect.

MISS B. Possibly not, madam—but I have no wish to quarrel with either of you. The purpose of my visit here is to give you a letter from dear Timothy—Mr. Gripfist I mean.

MR. S. A letter did you say?

MISS B. Yes, a letter, which I was to be sure to deliver into your own hands, that he might be quite certain you had received it. (*gives letter*) There nephew, I trust that both you and your wife will appreciate the kindness of my noble-minded cousin, although you, nephew, do cast reflections on my age. But I can tell you there are *some* people who think other people are not to be despised. I wish you good morning.

Exit, L.

MRS. S. There, Adolphus! didn't I tell you how it would be? she is going to be married to that old fool of a cousin of yours!

SQUAN. Hush, my dear, let us speak well of the bridge that carries us safely over. Now for the contents of cousin Gripfist's letter! (*opens letter*)

MRS. S. Make haste, dear. I am on pins and needles to hear what he says!

SQUAN. (*reads*) "Dear Cousin, I am sorry to hear that your health should have given way so suddenly; but, I must observe, that I think the late hours you keep, and the very excellent dinners of which you partake, are anything but beneficial to your health." Imagine, Clementina—beneficial with two ff's.

MRS. S. Never mind the spelling; I don't think that cousin Gripfist could spell properly: not even if he read Johnson's Dictionary all day long, and slept on it every night instead of a pillow. Well, dear go on.

SQUAN. (*reads*) "And I *must* say, that considering the very ample income you enjoy, you ought not to be in difficulties; yet as I cannot but help feeling for you in your present precarious state of health, I enclose you what I think will be of service to you, namely, a—a—" What a scrawl! I can't make it out.

MRS. S. Let me try, Adolphus. (*takes letter*) Why, it is draft—here, look, d-r-a-f-t, as plainly as it could be written. He has sent you a draft, and no doubt for a handsome amount. (*returns letter*)

SQUAN. We shall see. (*reads*) "Or rather the prescription for one—" A prescription for a draft! what can he mean? Why, Clementina, that old twaddler must be laughing at us; he has actually sent me—

MRS. S. (*eagerly*) What, dear?

SQUAN. Neither more nor less than a prescription for a cooling draught! (*crumples up letter, throws it down*) Imagine, a cooling draught for a man who wants fifty pounds!

MRS. S. The old curmudgeon! he must be insane, to dare to reflect on the good dinners you give, after all the venison he has eaten, and the champagne he has drunk in this house!

SQUAN. Not to mention the number of shilling rubbers I have allowed him to win; why, they would almost suffice to purchase an annuity!

MRS. S. And that odious old Bodkin! it is all *her* doing, Adolphus, I am certain of it. The idea of a cooling draught, and to mis-spell it on purpose to mislead us! That woman shall never darken these doors again.

Enter SARAH, L.

SARAH. Dinner is on the table, ma'am; but there is no bitter beer left, shall I send for some draught porter?

SQUAN. (*interrupting her*) No, thank you, Sarah, we have had enough of draught for one day. Come, Clementina, we will forget our vexation in a glass of wine, it will be rather more palatable than cousin Gripfist's Draught.

Going off, L., followed by SARAH.

END OF THE THIRD SYLLABLE.

THE WORD.—SLEEPING DRAUGHT.

Characters.

DR. VOUGEISGANG.

ALBERT, *his Son.*

PETER, *Doctor's Servant.*

PROFESSOR POMPONHEISEN.

AMELIA, *the Doctor's Daughter.*

LINDA, *the Doctor's Niece.*

Time of action, 1701, in Germany.

Costumes.

DOCTOR.—Long dark dressing gown; high conical cap; long waistcoat; stockings over the knees and garters over them; square toed shoes; cravat.

ALBERT.—(See description of dress, *page 95*).

PETER.—Red livery of the same shape.

PROFESSOR.—Shabby black suit of the time.

AMELIA & LAURA.—Neat and characteristic dresses of the period (See *Lacy's Dramatic Costumes*). *Second dresses*: Brocade dresses; large hoops; caps, &c.

SCENE.—*The Doctor's Study—globes, books, &c.—a couch
R. of table, chairs, &c.*

Enter AMELIA and LINDA, R.

LINDA. Yes, it is all settled. Uncle Vougeisgang is convinced that he is going to possess the Elixir of Life, therefore he intends to make an entirely new will; for as he is sure to outlive all his relatives, he says it would be folly to bequeath his money to them. So to provide for you and I, he proposes that we should take the veil; as to your brother, he recommends him to turn hermit.

AMELIA. What can have bewitched my poor father to make such a fool of himself?

LINDA. It is that pretender, Professor Pomponheisen, of the University of Gottingen. He has persuaded him that on one person only can this Elixir be bestowed, and that person must have implicit belief in the occult sciences in general, and in the Professor in particular. Consequently, neither you, nor I, nor dear Albert can ever hope to benefit by this grand discovery.

AMELIA. The Professor is very disinterested to part with such a valuable secret.

LINDA. Very; but a thousand golden crowns are a great temptation, and that is the precise sum the Professor is to receive for making a dupe of my uncle. But I have a plan.

AMELIA. A plan! Let me hear what it is.

LINDA. Hush—presently—for I see your father is coming.

Enter DOCTOR VOUGEISGANG, L.—he wears a long dark dressing gown, and a high conical cap, black and red—he is reading.

Good morning, sir.

AMELIA. Good morning, papa.

DOCTOR. Oh—you are there there, girls! (*sits at table, R., and reads*)

LINDA. (*aside*) We might be up the chimney for what he cares. We said good morning, sir.

DOCTOR. Oh! Now, why disturb me; don't you see that I am very particularly interested in this precious volume? Oh, girls, if you did but believe as I do!

AMELIA. What, all the absurd stories of Professor Pomponheisen? No, thank you, papa!

DOCTOR. Absurd stories! That is a very irreverent way of speaking of such an eminently gifted man— a man who has discovered the Elixir of Life.

LINDA. Fiddlesticks!

DOCTOR. Who so audaciously dares to apply the epithet of Fiddlesticks to him? to a man who has seen the great Barbarossa, in his magic sleep. Yes, Miss Linda, he has seen that wonderful being—him of the Redbeard.

LINDA. Very possibly, when he himself was dreaming; la, can't he leave that poor dear dead and gone body alone.

DOCTOR. Horrible! she calls the mighty Emperor a dead and gone body! You don't believe the Professor, miss? He, who by his science, has been enabled to penetrate the profound mystery which has hitherto surrounded that future avenger of Germany. Nay, he has even ventured to touch the red beard of the slumbering Kaiser which now reaches the ground. What do you say to that, daughter?

AMELIA. Say, papa? why that the Emperor must want shaving!

DOCTOR. That I should ever live to hear one of my family suggest that the mighty Barbarossa requires shaving. Incredulous chits! but there is one consolation in store. You will be obliged to believe in more wonderful stories where you are going to. You shall be packed off to-morrow to the convent I have selected. Ah! you may giggle as much as you like.

Enter PETER, L.

Well, Peter, what do you happen to want here?

PETER. It's not me as wants anythiug; it's that Professor What's-his-name—Pompandhysen!

DOCTOR. Pomponheisen, you pigheaded individual! Well, shew him in.

Exit PETER, L.

Young ladies, you may retire. *Exeunt AMELIA and LINDA, R.* Now for the feast of reason and the flow of soul!

Re-enter PETER, L., ushering in the PROFESSOR.

PETER. (*very loudly*) Pro-fess-or Pomp-and-hearses!

DOCTOR. (*angrily*) Peter, I shall be the death of you!

PETER. Very good, sir! I'll remember—Pups-and-horses!

Runs out, L.

PROF. My friend, don't irritate yourself; but tell me how you are?

DOCTOR. Wonderfully well, but longing to possess this all-potent elixir! Have you brought it with you?

PROF. I regret to say the subtle preparation is not yet ready; it only requires one more auriferous addition, and it will emerge from the crucible a drink for the gods: nay, the very draught which is to confer wealth and immortality on man. Happy he who can with safety quaff it. Ah, my friend, were it not for my foolish tender-heartedness, I should be that enviable person. But, alas, I cannot bear the idea of beholding those whom I love perish and fade, whilst I should be still endowed with life and the power of prolonging it. No, my friend, I do not regret that on you that precious gift will be bestowed.

DOCTOR. But you say the elixir is not yet complete.

PROF. Alas, no! A trifle—a mere trifle would place it within my grasp. Oh, that my poverty should threaten such a valuable secret! (*pulls out his handkerchief and weeps*)

DOCTOR. Calm yourself, my friend! it shall not be lost. I am rich—name the sum that is wanted!

PROF. No! most noble-minded and generous of beings; I will not. Rather would I beg my bread from town to town, and starve on roots and water, till I amass the sum.

DOCTOR. But am I not your friend, your disciple? and am I not to profit by the labours of your life? Come, no scruples with me; tell me what more is required, I insist.

PROF. Oh, if you insist upon it, my generous patron, I must yield. Well then, imagine that for the paltry sum of one thousand dollars, this glorious secret will be lost.

DOCTOR. Only one thousand dollars! they shall be yours, my friend; I will write an order instantly, and my bankers will honour it—(*sits and writes*)—there; hasten, lose not a moment, but let me have the precious elixir. (*gives order*)

PROF. My dear, my inestimable friend! a million of thanks! but it is so like robbing you, that I really hesitate—no—you must excuse me.

DOCTOR. Would you afflict me? Again my dear professor, I insist upon it.

PROF. Most reluctantly I consent; farewell, my kind, and noble-hearted friend. I fly to devote all my energies to the completion of the grand work. When next we meet, my friend, and I shall have achieved a glorious deed, I shall have discovered the elixir of life. *Exit, L.*

DOCTOR. And I shall be the fortunate possessor of it. How I long to have it in my hands.

Enter PETER, L.

DOCTOR. Now, Peter, why are you always interrupting me? what is it?

PETER. It's such a wig and a beard, if you please.

DOCTOR. A wig and a beard! what nonsense are you talking?

PETER. Well, sir, it is a wig and beard for all that; I don't say but what there is a man belonging to it, and he wants to see you. He says he is one of the ill—ill—ill something or other; it means a very learned man.

DOCTOR. One of the illuminati, and enquiring for me. How dare you keep him waiting? shew him in directly.

Exit PETER, L.

I am becoming famous! one of the illuminati is deigning to visit me! Oh, all must be true! let my son say what he will, I am sure to obtain the elixir of life. Ha, he comes.

Enter ALBERT, fantastically dressed, he has a long dark wig and beard, carries a wand, L.

DOCTOR. Welcome, most illustrious scholar, welcome.

ALBERT. (*aside*) Now to puzzle my respected father. (*in a deep tone*) Am I not addressing the learned Vougeisgang, who has made such strenuous efforts to revive the spirit and learning of the celebrated Rosicrucians? Behold in me almost the last member of that once famous body.

DOCTOR. Can I believe my eyes! you are——

ALBERT. A brother of the Rosy Cross. I have heard of your noble efforts, to revive the search after the long lost treasures of the magic art. One of them you hope to possess.

DOCTOR. It has been promised to me.

ALBERT. I know it; but will the professor be able to give you with it the renewal of health and strength.

DOCTOR. Dear me, I quite forgot to ask about those two important accessories to perfect happiness.

ALBERT. That was an oversight, brother! could even your philosophy endure the toothache for three months, or the gout for half-a-century.

DOCTOR. Gout, toothache! I beg you will not mention them!

ALBERT. Then listen to me! I have here a subtle mixture, which will alleviate pain by casting you into a deep sleep so like death that you will be unconscious of all that is passing round you. You may if you will, try its efficacy now.

DOCTOR. Wonderful! how very odd, I really do feel a little drowsy, I should like to try it now.

ALBERT. Good, you shall! how long would you like your slumber to last.

DOCTOR. Let me consider. Suppose I say six months, or better still, a year.

ALBERT. A year be it then; and I promise you that when you awake you shall not seem an hour older; drink my friend. (*presents a small phial to DOCTOR*)

DOCTOR. What drink it all? (*tastes it*) Bless me, it is rather nasty.

ALBERT. Apply not that term to it, I beg, nor desecrate by such an epithet as nasty, a draught like this. Lose not a moment, or the subtle essence will escape. (*DOCTOR drains the phial*) Now lie down on this couch.

DOCTOR. Will it take effect so soon.

ALBERT. It will; but fear nothing. I will watch your slumbers, and guard you from every intrusion.

DOCTOR. (*lies down on couch*) But in case the Professor should return with the elixir, pray wake me up. (*yawns*) Dear me—I—do—begin—to—feel—very—sleepy—

ALBERT. 'Tis well! sleep, sleep, sleep! (*slow music, "Still so gently o'er my senses stealing"*) Nay, snore if you will. (*by degrees the DOCTOR goes off to sleep*) Fast I declare. Now for the denouement of this little farce.

Curtain closes them in to music.

PART SECOND.

[An hour is supposed to have elapsed.]

The same scene. ALBERT is seated at table—the DOCTOR still on the couch.

LINDA. (*speaking off, L.*) Albert, is it all arranged and time for us to appear.

ALBERT. Directly he awakes, you know your cue And I expect that my worthy father will be considerably puzzled at what he is about to hear.

DOCTOR. (*sneezes loudly*) Eh! where am I? (*sits up. perceives ALBERT*) Why, can it be a dream? how long have I been sleeping?

ALBERT. Did you not desire to slumber for a year?

DOCTOR. Yes, but it seems almost an impossibility. Where is the professor, and his wonderful elixir?

ALBERT. Alas, since you, my friend, have slept, he has not appeared in this house.

DOCTOR. (*starts up*) You look grave! Something has happened!

ALBERT. (*solemnly*) Something *has* happened; nay, is always happening! You recollect that I warned you this sleep would look so like death!

DOCTOR. I see! I have been supposed to be dead! What have they done with my property?

ALBERT. Thrown it into Chancery! As to the other valuable property you were possessed of, it as been seized by your relatives.

DOCTOR. And my daughter—my niece?

ALBERT. Had you not consigned them to a cloister?

DOCTOR. I had! Unhappy old man; I shall be alone in the world! (*squabbling within, L.*) Hark, what noise is that?

ALBERT. Two elderly ladies, your aunts I believe, who have taken possession of the house, and now reside here.

DOCTOR. My old aunts Bridget and Ursula, who quarrel like cats; are they coming in here?

ALBERT. I rather think so; and I am pretty certain they are now quarrelling.

DOCTOR. Can you send me to sleep again? But of

what use would it be; those two horrible old women, would rouse even the seven sleepers! Hide me if possible!

ALBERT. Lie down, again, on the couch; feign to be asleep, and listen to what they say. (*the DOCTOR stretches himself on couch*)

Enter LINDA and AMELIA, dressed like two old ladies, in hoops, powder, &c., L.

AMELIA. Let me tell you, sister Bridget, that I insist!

LINDA. Madam Ursula, let me tell you also that I insist.

AMELIA. Well then, madam, we both insist.

LINDA. Most decidedly we do, ma'am; and I insist on insisting, that I have a right to claim that silver tankard.

DOCTOR. (*aside*) My silver tankard! Oh, the harpies!

AMELIA. You claim it! audacious creature! Then, ma'am, I shall appropriate the gold snuff box.

LINDA. The gold snuff box! after having pounced upon the china punch bowl, and the large double-gilt ladle! No, madam, I stand on my dignity; and if you stick out for one thing, I certainly, shall for the other. Yes, very soon, madam, as you shall find, I shall insist on my share of the best carpet. I'll cut it in two, but I'll have my share!

AMELIA. Oh, don't fly into a passion, pray! My nephew left no will, fortunately; for the dear old goose had no time. As to the nonsense of his having been asleep all this while, I don't believe it!

DOCTOR. (*starts up in a passion*) Don't you, ladies—don't you! You shall find to your cost that I am wide awake!

LINDA. } (*screaming*) Ah—he is come to life! Help!

AMELIA. } help! (*run out, L.*)

ALBERT. I think, sir, you have scared them.

DOCTOR. Serve them right—avaricious old crones. They couldn't even wait till I was in my coffin, but must come and squabble here. Oh dear—oh dear! If this is to be the case, I had better never wake up again. When I had my poor daughter and niece here, things were quite different. Ah, where are they? In a convent?

ALBERT. They have not yet pronounced their vows, their noviciate not being completed. Have you a wish to see them?

DOCTOR. Why, of course I have. Do you think they can obtain leave to visit me?

ALBERT. I think it is very likely. In fact, sir, I may say that they are now in the house—come to take a last fond look of you.

DOCTOR. Then let me see them. (ALBERT strikes a small bell on table)

Enter PETER, L.

PETER. Your pleasure, master?

ALBERT. Bring hither the young ladies.

PETER. Hey—presto--high cockolorum—jig-a-jig—jig! *Exit, L.*

DOCTOR. Pardon me, most illustrious, but it appears to me that Peter has rather a strange phraseology.

ALBERT. It is from association with the professors of the occult sciences. But here are the young ladies.

Enter AMELIA and LINDA, in their own dresses, L.

AMELIA. Dear papa, how delighted I am to see you.

LINDA. And I too, dear uncle.

DOCTOR. It may be fancy, my dear; but I find you are wonderfully altered during my long nap.

AMELIA. When we are separated from those we love, sir——

LINDA. Yes, when we are forced to separate from those we respect——

DOCTOR. But why need we part, I am thinking, my dear children, that whilst I live, or rather whilst you live, we had better all remain together. Do you consent?

AMELIA. Oh, most joyfully—so does Linda.

DOCTOR. Then remain with me, I shall be a happier, and a better man, even though the Elixir of Life should be mine.

Enter PETER hurriedly, L.

What, Peter, brings you tumbling into a room?

PETER. It's that professor Pap-and-horsehair—no, no—I mean that Pomponheisen—— There, I've got the name at last.

DOCTOR. And what has the Professor done?

PETER. Why, he has done you out of the money you gave him an hour ago. He has run off with it, and the police are after him. Bless you! you are not the only one he has taken in and done for.

DOCTOR. Taken in and done for! Fellow, I have been sleeping a year! (*crossing to him*)

PETER. Lor, lor, what a fib! Why, sir, you must have been dreaming!

DOCTOR. Dreaming!

PETER. Yes, and dreaming very fast.

DOCTOR. Have I not slept for a year?

ALBERT. Your nap has lasted just fifty minutes. (*pulls off his false beard*) And as I think, dear father, that we have mystified you sufficiently, I shall give up the character of conjuror, and appear as your dutiful son.

DOCTOR. Is this a trick to impose on me?

ALBERT. No, sir; rather to prevent your being imposed on by quacks and pretenders like the so-called Professor Pomponheisen, who turns out to be a runaway mountebank, with as much idea of discovering the elixir of life as I have of finding out the latitude, or of squaring the circle.

DOCTOR. A pretty trick you have played me; but I forgive you, Albert. I believe I was inclined to make a great noodle of myself, but I see my error now.

ALBERT. Yes, dear father; thanks to the efficacy of my Sleeping Draught.

LINDA.

R.

AMELIA.

ALBERT.

DOCTOR.

PETER.

L.

END OF CHARADE THE FOURTH.



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